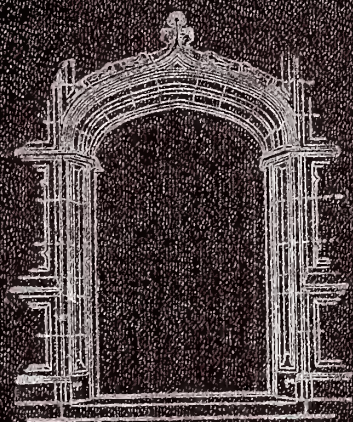


# THE GREEN AND GRAY

19



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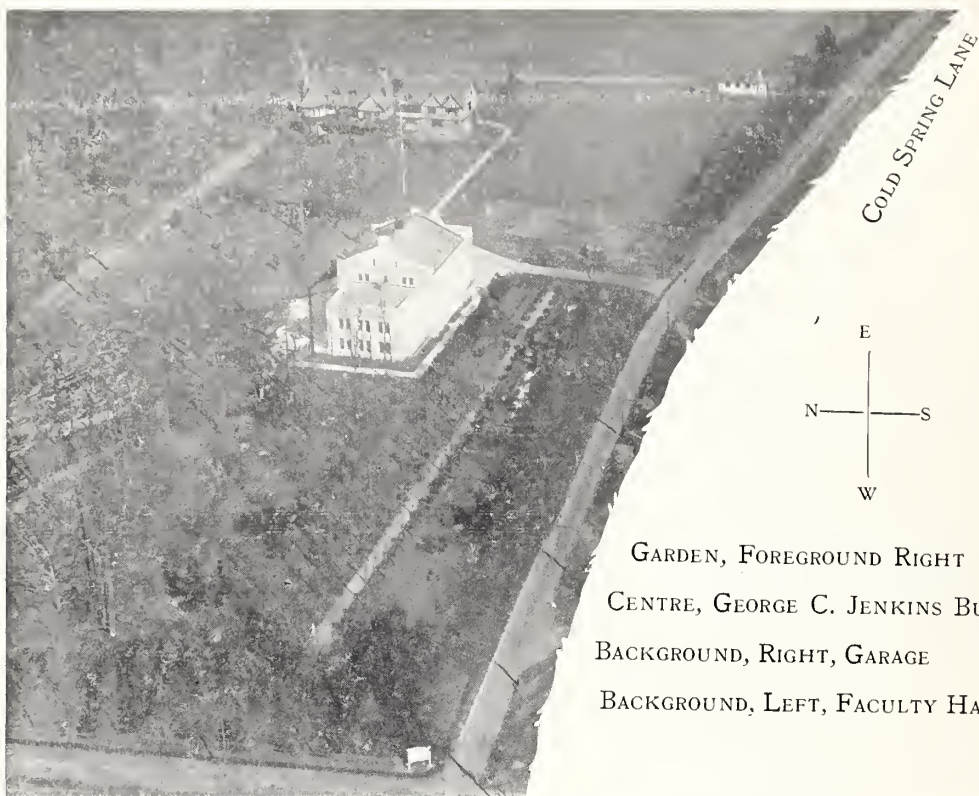






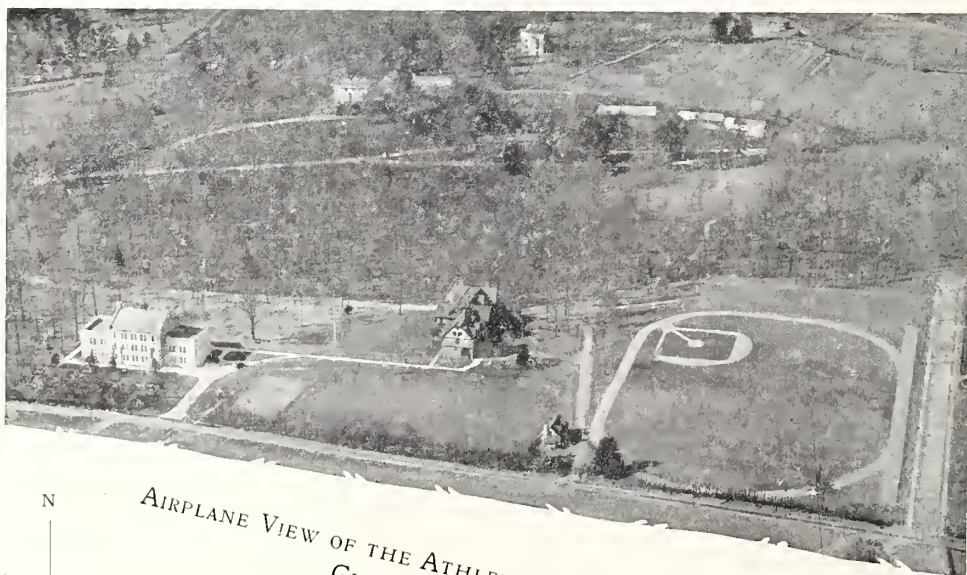
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GARDEN, FOREGROUND RIGHT  
 CENTRE, GEORGE C. JENKINS BUILDING  
 BACKGROUND, RIGHT, GARAGE  
 BACKGROUND, LEFT, FACULTY HALL

CHARLES ST. AVE.



RESERVOIR LANE

COLD SPRING LANE

AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE ATHLETIC FIELD NORTH OF WHICH, THE NEW  
 GYMNASIUM WILL BE LOCATED

# The Green and Gray

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Year Book  
of  
Loyola College

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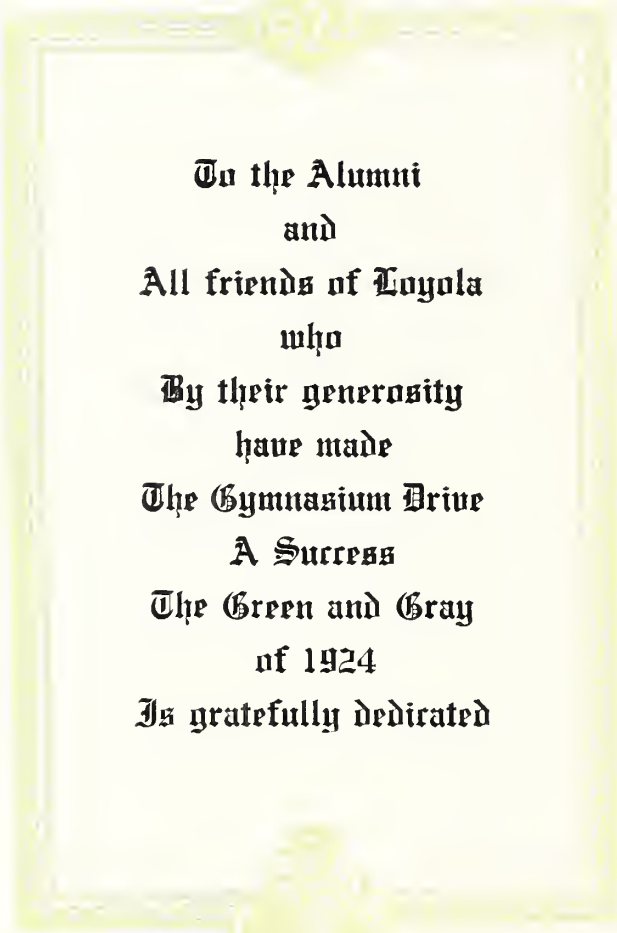
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Volume Seventeen



Baltimore, Maryland

1924



To the Alumni  
and  
All friends of Loyola  
who  
By their generosity  
have made  
The Gymnasium Drive  
A Success  
The Green and Gray  
of 1924  
Is gratefully dedicated



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ex-officio, Honorary President

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Reverend Moderator

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# The Green and Gray

(Formerly "The Loyola College Annual")

"The Green and Gray" is the only publication issued by the students. Its purpose is to encourage literary efforts and to chronicle matters of interest pertaining to the College. Ordinarily it will be edited by the Junior Class.

1924

## *Editor-in-Chief*

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FRANCIS E. KING, '25

\* \* \*

# The Founders of The New Loyola

No one not intimately connected with the College could possibly appreciate the feelings of all concerned when at last on January 4 the doors of the George C. Jenkins Building were thrown wide for the first time to admit the student body, to continue their work therein. Long months we stood about and watched one stone rise above another, unable to speed the work except by thought and desire, until at last our dream was a dream no longer, but a reality. Built in such a manner and of such material as to draw admiration from those capable of judging of such things, as well as from the lay mind, it must be confessed however that the students' interest was rather on what was inside. Accustomed and pleased as we were with the opportunity to pursue our studies at Evergreen, and to use the mansion which graces the grounds as a place of class-rooms, we realized that this arrangement was but temporary. Always before us we had the picture of what was to come, and it was to this that we turned with pent-up expectation when at last it became a fact. No disappointment was in store—everything was as promised, and the promises had been large. Spacious labora-

tories, splendidly equipped amphitheatres for lectures, arranged to best advantage, library, club-room, lunch room, all was as expected. From top to bottom all was as perfect as ceaseless planning and toil could make it.

Mr. Jenkins' magnificent gift to Loyola now stands, a monument to his generosity and love. He was the one who made it possible, but having done this, it was the work of others to carry on and assure that all would be done in a fitting manner. The wish of the donor was the satisfying of those who would be the future users of the building; as a result the man was chosen to control and direct the interior design of the building, for whom such detail would have the most interest. Primarily intended as the Chemistry building of the future Loyola group, no one more fitted than Father Henry McLoughlin, S. J., could have been found to perform this office. Enthusiastic over the prospect and willing to undertake what he knew would be a difficult task, he immediately threw himself whole-heartedly into the work. The end is not yet but he still continues with the same enthusiasm that marked his entrance into the project.

Not only the faculty, but every student, considers that a great step forward has been taken, along the road to future greatness for our Alma Mater. The first, the hardest, was to obtain Evergreen; the second, nearly as difficult, as events proved, was the completion of the building in which we now gather. In the normal order of things the worst is over, the next achievement will no doubt be the early completion of the Alumni Building and Gymnasium. While it may have its unforeseen difficulties, these cannot approach in magnitude the trials which beset the way of those who were striving to give Loyola its new hold on life. As building after building rises to grace the growing institution and to accommodate the increase in student body which will naturally follow, perhaps the fact will be lost sight of that we owe the greatest debt to those interested and able persons who made the foundation firm and lasting.

It is hard to realize as we hark back that four short years ago the College department of Loyola occupied three or four small rooms in the downtown building, which, large as it is, is already being pressed to provide room for the rapidly growing enrollment of the High School. The history of Loyola, however, is the history of Jesuit institutions throughout the world; ever humble in origin, it is not long before the good which they spread about them begins to reap its harvest of good will, and with good will growth is the natural outcome.

As the years go on and Loyola takes its place among the larger institutions of the East, the George C. Jenkins Science Building will be remembered as the corner stone of the edifice which will be builded about it, an edifice of education, to which Youth will flock, there to be molded in the proper lines and sent forth again to add to the glory of Alma Mater.

W. T. B.

## The Alumni Building and Gymnasium

On June twelfth, ground will be broken for another unit in the new and greater Loyola. What more fitting occasion than this to say a few words of praise and gratitude to those who made this accomplishment possible?

In existence since 1852, although at no time a large institution as the term is usually conceived, our College has an Alumni Body of some 5,000, of which a large number are active members of the Association, or easily accessible. It is to these that we turn when we need assistance or advice from more experienced minds, and they never fail to respond. When Loyola felt new life course through her veins at breathing the clear air of Evergreen for the first time, the Alumni Body was the first to rejoice that advantages such as they had never known were going to be the lot of future students. What could they do to help? Could they not give something to their Alma Mater as a lasting reminder of their love? The Alumni Memorial Building and Gymnasium was the outcome of thought upon the subject, and a mammoth drive was started to raise the necessary funds. Under the enthusiastic direction of Father Ziegler, Moderator of the Alumni Association, of F. X. Milholland, the president, and of Father McDonnell, himself an old student of Loyola, the Alumni rallied to the occasion, and in a short time enough funds were obtained to warrant immediate starting of the work. Every stone that rises above another as the building nears completion, will be one more bond of fealty between College and past students, between past students and present ones, between all who ever have or ever will come under the benign influence of Loyola. One had but to attend the rallies which were held every week during the drive to realize that here was something new in the annals of Loyola. Old grads mingled with new grads and with undergraduates. A new spirit had entered into the whole body, a spirit of co-operation, destined, we are sure, to last as long as Loyola lasts, and to grow as she grows. One saw pledges of material assistance pouring in, not only from those who had been long in the field of commerce or profession, but from men who were scarce started on their career, yes and from those who were yet students of both high school and college. It is a well known fact that the success of any institution of learning depends in great measure upon this union, and with such union so apparently assured, there is no one who does not look to the future but with the greatest confidence.

W. T. B.

### APPRECIATION

The editors express their sincere appreciation and thanks to the following members of Sophomore Class for their valuable assistance in the publishing of this issue of *The Green and Gray*: to Joseph V. Abromaitis, for the clever cartoons of this year's Senior Class; to Leland G. Frierson, for the attractive cover design; to J. Paul Coolahan and George E. Urban, for aid furnished the business management; also to Francis Ireton and John Spellissy, of Freshman Class, for helpful co-operation.



# To Start New Unit at Loyola College

(From *The Baltimore Sun*, June 1, 1924)



ROUND for the \$200,000 alumni building and gymnasium of Loyola College, Charles Street Avenue and Cold Spring Lane, will be broken June 12 in connection with the commencement exercises of the institution.

The ceremony will mark the completion of a successful campaign for a building fund that was conducted under the direction of the Rev. Eugene DeL. McDonnell and Francis X. Milholland, president of the alumni association. Invitations to attend the ceremony have been sent to all contributors.

The alumni building and gymnasium constitute the second unit in the building program of the new Loyola College at Evergreen. The first unit, the George C. Jenkins Science Hall, was completed last summer and was opened to college classes in December. This structure is said to be one of the most complete of its kind in the country.

A library, lounge, smoking and billiard rooms, gymnasium and swimming pool will occupy the east section of the first floor and will have a spacious bay window overlooking the athletic grounds.

West of the main entrance on the first floor will be the loungeroom, the largest room in the building, with frontage south and west. This room also will be used as an entertainment and lecture room, as well as for a meeting place for executives of the alumni association. The smoking and billiard rooms will be in the east section of the second floor.

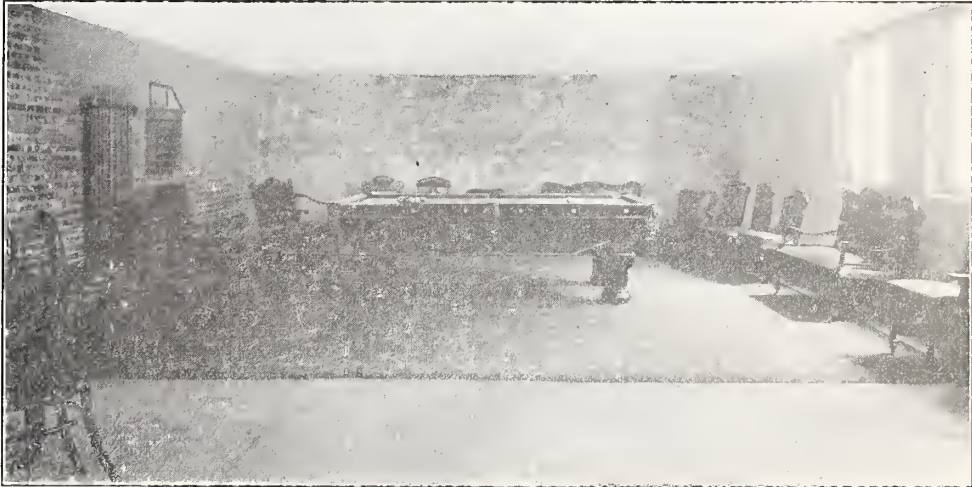
The gymnasium will house swimming pool, shower baths, locker rooms, handball courts, team dressing rooms, trophy and college athletic committee rooms. The floor of the gymnasium will afford space sufficient for two basketball courts. An indoor running track, level with the second floor of the alumni building, also will be provided. This may be utilized as a gallery for spectators during the basketball season.

In the new college group the Jesuit fathers plan to give Baltimore an institution similar to Georgetown, Fordham and Holy Cross universities. Work on the new unit will be pushed under the supervision of the Rev. Joseph A. McEneaney, president of the college; the Rev. Father McDonnell and the Rev. Joseph I. Ziegler, moderator of the alumni association.

## The History of a Year



WE shall begin our chronicle of 1923-24 by a narrative of the closing hours of 1922-23—the 71st Annual Commencement, Tuesday, June 12. A platform was erected in front of the Garrett Mansion, so as to form a continuation of the portico of that building. A large audience gathered on the lawn, while on the platform besides members of the Alumni Association and the faculty, were Mr. George C. Jenkins, donor of the Science Building, Rev. Joseph A. McEneany, S. J., President of Loyola, his Excellency Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, who addressed the graduates and his Grace Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, who presented the diplomas and other awards. Governor Ritchie in his address to the graduates advised them to enter public life and to run for political office.



IN THE CLUB ROOM

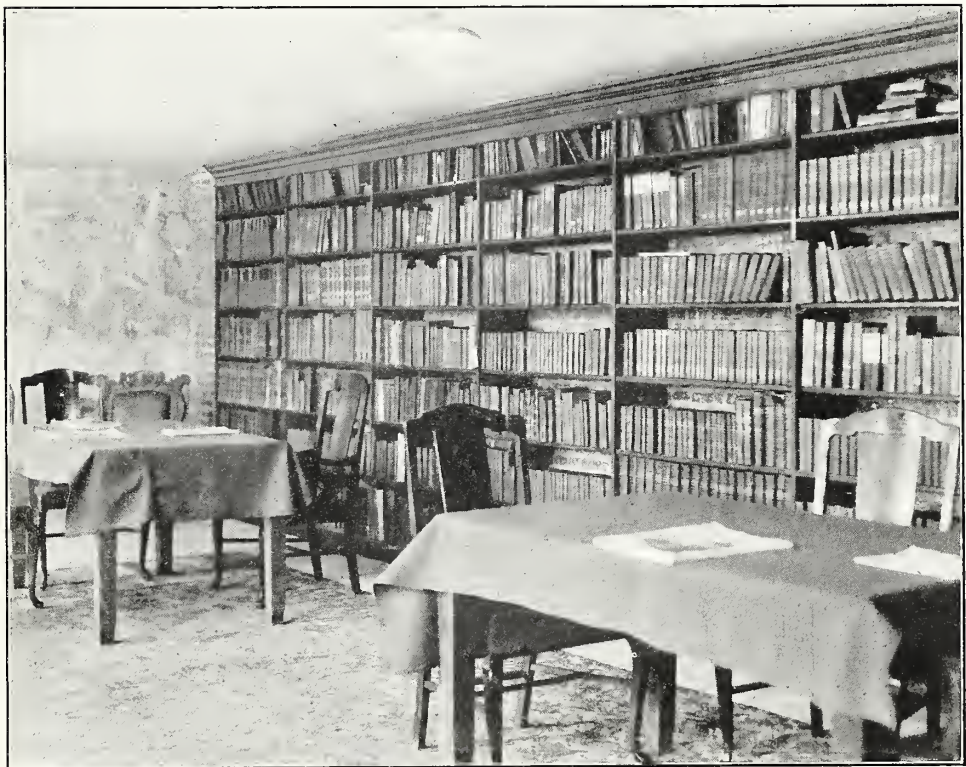
"You young men," said His Excellency, "have had high ideals held before you throughout your high school and collegiate courses. Your training has fitted you for the taking up of affairs of public life. With such ideals and such training you are well prepared to help your fellow-men. You have been taught to be unselfish, to love your country and your state; you should prove that your education has not been in vain.

"The country has a right to expect service from you and you have a right to render that service. Go forth, today, prepared to do all that you can do in the interests of country, state and city. Enter the public arena—enter it imbued with the desire to serve humanity.

"Some there may be among you who may shrink from the thought of the criticism that may be hurled at you. You may consider the criticism that other officials have had to endure. Remember this: If all the things that are said of some public men were true, they would not be worthy to be sons of their mothers. You must expect criticism—unjust criticism, but if you are honest, if you are loyal and true to your conscience and your convictions, you will forget the unjust and the unkind words and you will find real joy in rendering service to your fellow-man.

"That should be your chief incentive to enter public life—the rendering of service to humanity."

Archbishop Curley told the graduates that they must be prepared to give to the world generously of the education they had received. They had been afforded exceptional opportunities, had received wonderful educational facilities, had been taught by a distinguished body of scholars. They should see to it that the world derived the benefit. They were not to be miserly and to hoard up their learning while the world looked on, deprived of the benefit of their education and the ideals which they had been taught by their Jesuit professors to follow.



SECTION OF LIBRARY AND READING ROOM



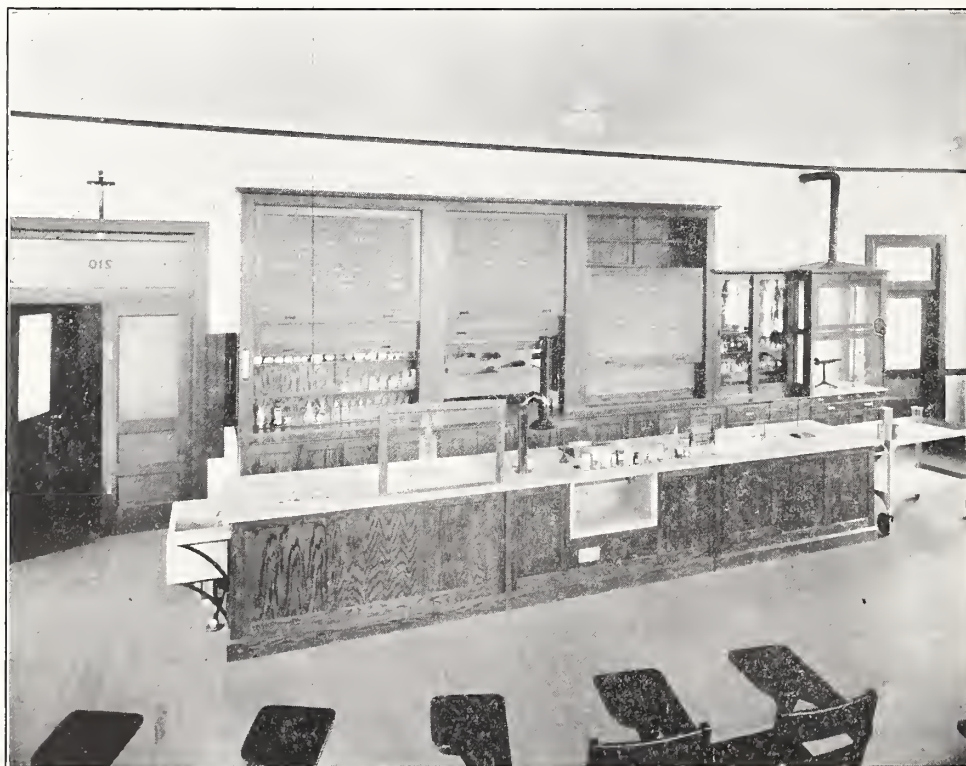
He reminded them that it is easier to tear down and destroy than it is to build up and conserve. He urged them to be builders and conservationists.

The Archbishop praised the generosity of George C. Jenkins, the donor of the Loyola Science Building, and congratulated Mr. Jenkins upon receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Jenkins, who is 87 years old, was given a fine ovation when he received his degree.

The Rev. John I. Barrett, A. B., A. M., Archdiocesan Superintendent of Public Schools, had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Fifteen young men received the Master of Arts degree, thirteen the Bachelor of Arts degree, and one, the Bachelor of Science degree, and four were given pre-medical certificates.

Michael Francis Delea gave the salutatory. He spoke on "The State and Education." James Maurice King was valedictorian. His theme was: "The Church and Education."



CHEMISTRY LECTURE ROOM

The Reverend Joseph A. McEneany, S. J., president of the College, in the course of his announcements, said that more than \$90,000 had been contributed to the fund for the \$200,000 Loyola Alumni Building to be erected at Evergreen by the old Loyola boys. The announcement brought great applause.

The degrees and honors were conferred as follows:

Doctor of Laws—(Honoris Cause), George C. Jenkins.

Doctor of Philosophy—Rev. John Ignatius Barrett, A. B., A. M., Superintendent of Schools for the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

Masters of Art—Roger J. Blankfard, R. Emmet Bradley, Clarence J. Caulfield, Charles J. Ciotti, Hector J. Ciotti, J. Jennings Clark, Raymond B. Furlong, A. Berthold Hoen, W. Leo Johnson, John F. McAndrew, John A. Meyer, Carroll A. Read, Louis C. Roche, James O. Scrimger and Albert Sehlstedt.



CHEMISTRY LECTURE PREPARATION ROOM

Bachelors of Art—Daniel G. Barrett, Edward De F. Becker, Joseph G. Benesunas, Michael F. Delea, George F. Eichelman, George R. Gibson, Joseph A.

Kelly, Charles L. King, J. Maurice King, Julius J. Leyko, Francis K. Morris, James G. O'Neill, and Charles H. Yingling.

Bachelor of Science—William R. Geraghty.

Pre-Medical Certificates—T. Nelson Carey, A. Chase Thomas, Boniface A. Miller, and Thomas P. Doughney, Jr.

\* \* \*

The third year of Loyola at Evergreen began quietly but with an undercurrent of expectation on September 24, 1923. There was promise of a year of unusual activity. A marked increase in the student body, an awakened interest in Athletics, the new Science Building, which (from the outside, at least,) looked as if it ought to be ready for occupancy, all these things tended to renew the hopes of those who returned that morning to the old Garrett mansion.

Old students and new were welcomed in the library by the President of the College and faculty members. There followed the time-honored "Schola Brevis", and the scholastic year, 1923-24, had formally begun.

Friday of the same week, there was the Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Chapel, so beautifully furnished by the first students at Evergreen, two years ago. The following Friday the ostensorium presented to the College Chapel by the Class of 1926, in their Freshman year, was used for the first time in the Students' Chapel at the First Friday devotions. The first actual use of the Ostensorium was made by his Grace, Archbishop Curley on the previous Sunday, September 30, when Benediction was given a congregation of more than 10,000 devout worshippers assembled before a large altar erected on our athletic field at Evergreen.

The ostensorium calls for a word of comment. It is 18 inches high and is made entirely of gold and silver gold plated. Above the luna is a medallion in silver of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; on either side, medallions of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, and of St. Francis Xavier to whom the Chapel is dedicated; below the luna, a similar medallion of St. Aloysius, Patron of Students.

The cross at the top of the ostensorium is enriched by five precious stones, a beautiful diamond sparkling in the centre. Amethysts, clusters of rubies and garnets, with other stones, are artistically arranged on the column and face of the ostensorium. At the base are two large opals. All of these stones were taken from jewelry presented by the class and by friends. The "custodia" for the ostensorium was made from the melting down of this jewelry. The base of the "custodia" is of silver, and the upper portion of gold. Congratulations to the Class of 1926 on their generous spirit.

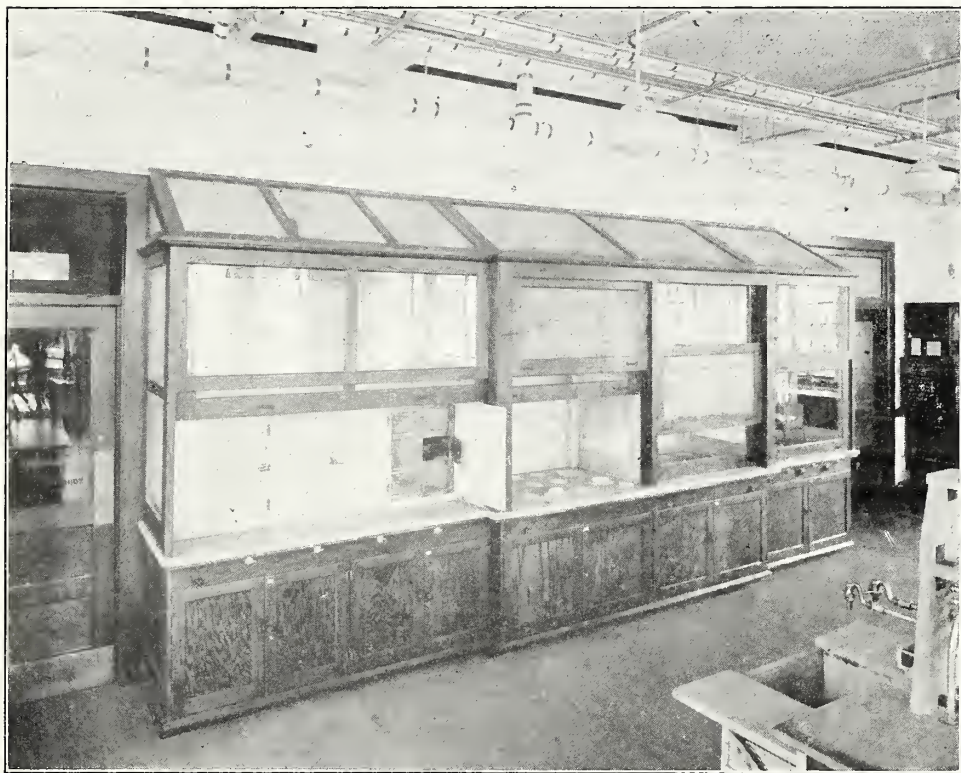


October glided quietly by, marked only by Columbus Day celebration. There was news of big things to come at the approach of November. Sunday afternoons of that month, students gathered in the library with their fair friends and discussed plans for the great bazaar to be held in the old gymnasium on Calvert Street, during Thanksgiving week.

The great event came off in due time and was an unparalleled success. The boys were proud of their table, not only for its Christmasy appearance, but for the substantial sum it realized. This was due to the energy and untiring zeal of the students and their friends who took part in the work.

The beginning of December found the laboratories in the new chemistry in operation. The non-chemists had to bide their time, while they felt it was only fitting and proper that chemists should be the first to occupy a building that will ultimately be theirs, exclusively.

Christmas vacations were soon at hand and we were assured that the old year witnessed the end of our sojourn in the Garrett mansion.



FUME HOODS—CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

Friday, January 4, 1924! Red-letter day in the history of Loyola! We return after the Christmas recess and enter the "George C. Jenkins Science Building." Yes, this is the place. The words are carved in stone over the massive oaken doorway. We enter. Shades of Calvert Street. Is this Loyola?

To the right there is a door marked "Information." In the little room we notice a large clock which we learn rings all class and recess bells and regulates the clocks on each of the four corridors. To the left, we read on the glass paneled door, the inscription: "Office of the Dean." Good things to know where that room is, anyhow.

We pass through a double swinging door, which seems to be nothing but glass and hasten across the corridor and down the stairway straight in front of us. We turn to our right down the corridor and as we open the door, we wonder if we have dropped into the lavatory of some big hotel. We will go back, but by this other door. It ushers us into the locker room. Conveniently situated, we think. Out into the corridor again and there facing us is the recreation room, where later came the Brunswick-Balke pool table, the piano, the richly upholstered furniture and other attractions. Adjoining this room is the students' library, attractively furnished and well supplied with books and the current magazines. And what is this large room to the east? Why, a regular cafeteria. Big lunch room chairs, and tables and everything. What would Johnnie Welch think of this?

It is getting near class-time. We must hurry up stairs. We are back on the first floor again. The doors to the west are marked Analytic and Organic Chemistry Laboratory, to the east, Inorganic Chemistry Laboratory. We can only just look in. What equipment! What light! Three cheers for Father McLoughlin, who planned it all! Here to the south is an immense room, marked "Assembly Hall." To the second floor now. In front of us, to the north, is "Sophomore" and adjoining it, "Freshman" Class.

This big room to the south, over the Assembly Hall, is for lectures in Physics, the inscription on the door to the east reads: "Physics Laboratory." But what is this at the west end of the corridor? To our left, a class room, and straight ahead, the gem of the building, the Chemistry Lecture Room. Upstairs now—it's nearly nine o'clock and we haven't found Junior yet. Here it is to the south. Philosophy. It is flanked on the west by a small class room and on the east by a dissecting room for Biology. The laboratory for Biology occupies the entire north side of this third floor. Bells are ringing on every corridor.

It is nine o'clock, the morning of January 4, 1924, and Loyola College is in full swing in the George C. Jenkins Science Building.

January was an interesting month. The novelty of the new building helped to make pleasant a period that is often wearisome and that brings with it the grind from the mid-year exams.

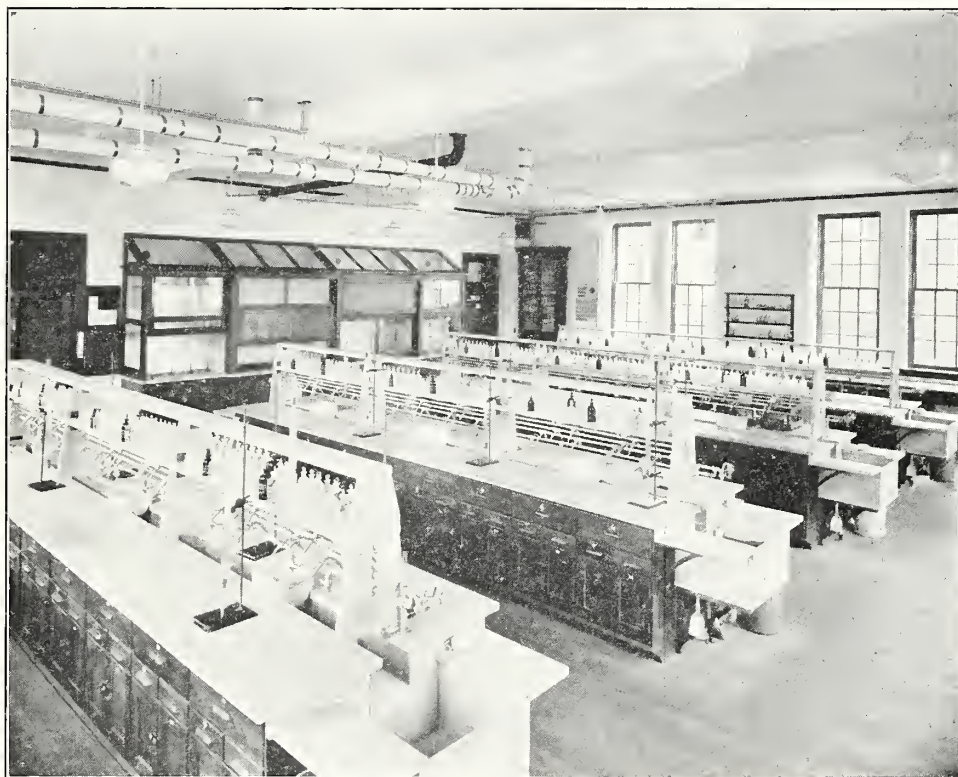
The second semester opened on February 2. The students gathered in the Assembly Hall and listened to the reading of examination results.

Father Rector gave his first address to the students in their new college home and his encouraging remarks were heard with attentive appreciation.

February 29 brought the annual College Prom, held in the Southern Hotel, for the benefit of the Baseball Association. It was one of the most successful social events conducted by the students for many a long day.

The outstanding event in March was the novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier. As every Baltimorean knows *The Novena* is the big religious service of the city. It was quite appropriate that the first religious service to be held in the new building should be in honor of Baltimore's favorite saint and the patron of our own chapel.

April 1st, the weather man fooled us all with eleven inches of snow, and this, too, as the first flowers of spring were appearing.



ORGANIC CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



The annual retreat began on Monday of Holy Week, April 14. The exercises were conducted by Rev. William Stanton, S. J. A temporary altar was erected in the Assembly Hall, where the various exercises of the retreat were held and Mass offered every morning at nine o'clock. The Mass of Communion was offered by Rev. Father Rector, after which the students breakfasted in the library, and indulged in the usual speeches and cheers. There followed the Easter Recess until Friday, April 25.

A beautiful May shrine is set up in the Assembly Hall, through the artistic efforts of Messrs. Gibson and Spellissy of Freshman Class. May devotions are being held each day at the beginning of the noon recreation.

May 7, Rector's Day. The Class Presidents called on him to offer the good wishes of the students and an expression of their appreciation of all he had done for the welfare of Loyola.

Wednesday, May 21, the Annual Public Debate of the Loyola Literary Union was held at the College Hall, Calvert Street. The debaters were Messrs. Coolahan and Watson, for the affirmative, and Messrs. McWilliams and O'Brennan, for the negative. The judges awarded the medal to Mr. Watson.

Wednesday, May 28, is scheduled for the Oratorical Contest. There will be solemn closing of the month of May on Saturday May 31st, with sermon by Father Delihant and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by Rev. Father Rector. Examinations which are to begin that same day will continue during the ensuing week. Pentecost Sunday, June 8, will be the general communion in honor of St. Aloysius. Breakfast will be served on the lawn. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be devoted to the festivities of a garden party. Thursday, June 12, at 4 P. M., ground will be broken for the new gymnasium. Commencement exercises will follow on the College Campus.



# The Senior Class

## The Class *of* 1924



IN the evening of June 14th, 1920, twenty-seven eager young men received the diploma which certified that "they had completed the prescribed course of studies in Loyola High School, had satisfied the usual requirements for admission to College, and had therefore been admitted without condition to the Freshman Class of Loyola College." Of the twenty-seven, twelve returned in September: Edward Brannan, Peter Coughlin, Roger Davis, Leonard Doran, William Hisky, Irving Hoen,

Bernard Kirby, Joseph Manns, Robert O'Connor, John O'Shea, James Ryan, and John Schonowski. Our professor during the first year in college was the cultured and genial Father Hargadon, who strove to impart to us an appreciation of Horace, Euripides and Shakespeare, and to infuse some of his own poetry into our prosaic breasts.

Who can ever forget the Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry classes presided over by that benevolent despot—Father Henry W. McLoughlin, S. J.? There is not one among us who has not felt the barbs of his righteous wrath, who has not been pricked by the shafts of his kindly humor. But we also penetrated beneath and saw that under the stern exterior he presented to us there was a kind, a gentle, and a loving heart.

Fathers Thomas J. Delihant, S. J., and John P. Meagher, S. J., were our professors in the class of Evidences, the former for the first, and the latter for the second semester, while Father William F. Jordan, S. J., lectured to us on Modern European History. Irving Hoen had left soon after the opening of school to take up an engineering course at the Catholic University in Washington, so that we numbered eleven at the close of Freshman Year.

Ever since we had been at Loyola there had been talk about moving out to Guilford, and from time to time there had been rumors that the occasion was at hand. But after many disappointments we had begun to grow skeptical and hardly dared to hope that the change would be made during our time in school. Great was our surprise and delight, therefore, when in the summer of 1921 we read that the Jesuits had purchased the Garrett estate, Evergreen, Jr., and that the college department was to be located there in the fall. So on the 19th of September we journeyed out to Guilford for the first time and gathered on the campus to greet each other and to express our appreciation and satisfaction at this great step forward to what was to be a new era in the history of Loyola.

William Hisky did not return for Sophomore, but his place was taken by Frank Griffin, who had made his freshman year at Holy Cross College, the great boarding college of the Jesuits at Worcester, Massachusetts. Sophomore year was begun under Father Philip M. Finegan, S. J., who was also the new dean at Evergreen; but after several months, the press of his duties as Dean being so great, Father Finegan gave over the class to one of our old teachers of High School days, Father Joseph I. Ziegler, S. J. Our history professor for this year was another old friend, Father Joseph J. Ayl, S. J.

Since we were using the Garrett residence as a school-building there were no provisions for laboratories at Evergreen, and so we had to travel down to the old building on Calvert Street every Tuesday and Saturday for our Physics and



Chemistry. Our physics instructor was Father Joseph M. Kelley, S. J., who had taught us the same branch in Fourth High; while in the chemistry lecture-room and laboratory Father McLoughlin reigned supreme.

Of the eleven who began Sophomore, but six returned the next September as Juniors. Leonard Doran entered St. Mary's Seminary, Frank Griffin returned to Holy Cross, while Roger Davis, James Ryan, and John Schonowski left school. It was with a feeling of awe and trepidation that we entered upon the study of philosophy, the science of sciences. For we soon discovered what former classes had discovered before us; namely, that all our previous knowledge was as so many individual columns in the structure of knowledge, incomplete in themselves unless joined together at the top by the superstructure of philosophy. Moreover we soon found that in Father Justin J. Ooghe, S. J., we had the ideal professor of philosophy. Lucid in his explanations, sympathetic in his treatment of difficulties proposed, ever ready to extend a helping hand whether in class-room or outside, how shall we ever sufficiently express our gratitude to him? But we intend to show that all his patient and untiring efforts in our behalf, all his labors to form and sharpen our intellect, to train our will and to strengthen our character have not been wholly in vain.

During this year we continued making our trips to Calvert Street, on Monday and Wednesday afternoon for Analytical Chemistry, and on Tuesday and Friday afternoon for Physics.

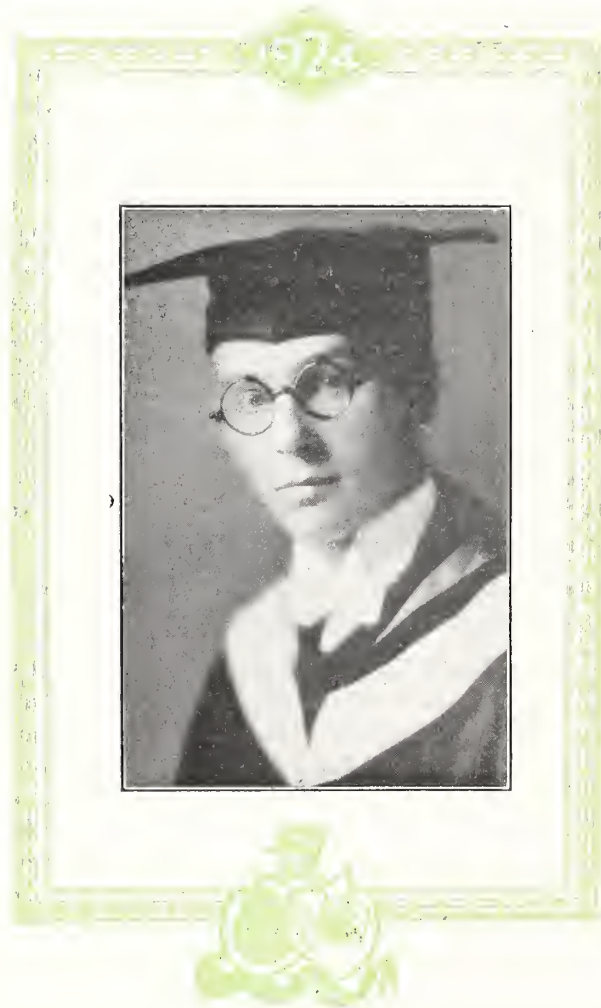
Another summer passed and we were seniors. Here our ranks were strengthened by the addition of three new members.

During Senior we took Organic Chemistry and Biology, but we did not have to travel to Calvert Street any more, as the Science Building was now completed.

It is fitting that we express here our tribute of gratitude and of affection to Father Francis M. Connell, S. J., who was dean during Freshman Year on Calvert Street to Father Finegan, who occupied the same post during our three years spent at Evergreen and who did so much to make our school days as pleasant and profitable as possible, and to Father Rector under whose wise and far-seeing leadership Loyola made such great strides along the way to greatness and fame.

And so our story is ended. But one short month and the class of 1924 will pass out of the doors of Loyola—never again to return as students. It is with a feeling of sadness that we prepare to say farewell to our Alma Mater who has sheltered us under her protecting arm during the last four years. But with the sadness there is mingled a note of joy—joy because the long course is at last completed and we are now fitted to go out into the world and apply the principles learned at college. We feel that by constantly keeping before our minds those axioms of goodness and truth instilled into us by our Jesuit professors, we will be able to decide judiciously and wisely the issues which will confront us in after life and thus attain the ends for which we are striving both here and hereafter—"ad majorem Dei gloriam."

F. JOSEPH MANNS, '24.



## EDWARD JANNEY BRANNAN



HIS picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents His Honor, the one, only, and original Mayor of South Baltimore; the individual who most of all, is responsible for the prosperity and beauty of that exclusive suburb of the great metropolis. Among his followers and subjects, he is known by the appellations "Multy", "Oswy" or "Reds", but these names serve only to emphasize the esteem in which he is held, it being the inalienable prerogative of the populace to nickname their great.

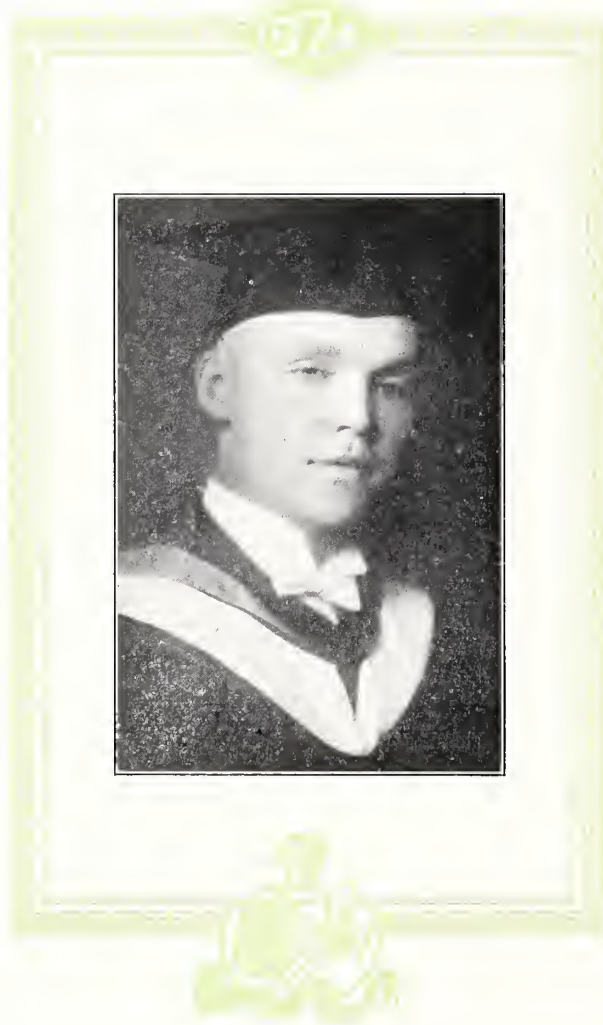
Let not, ladies and gentlemen, his eminence as an executive overshadow and obscure in your mind his prominence as the working member of the firm of O'Connor and Brannan, those leaders and authorities in the field of Organic Chemistry. His position in the firm as working member has been the cause of the discovery of many new and unnamed gases, which it has been his unenvied delight to inhale and enjoy.

His Honor has lately shown a tendency to spend his recreation hours motoring, and no one has been as yet able to ascertain if he has company on these nightly excursions, the speed which he attains rendering it impossible to distinguish forms as he passes, heading north.

It has been rumored that he, with his partner in the chemical concern will sojourn in the North for the summer, there taking in the cooling breezes and being "taken in" himself, no doubt. If he does not succumb we may expect that in the fall, he will again, be a member of our community, pursuing his legal studies at the U. of M. preparatory to dimming, by comparison, the legal lights of this city.





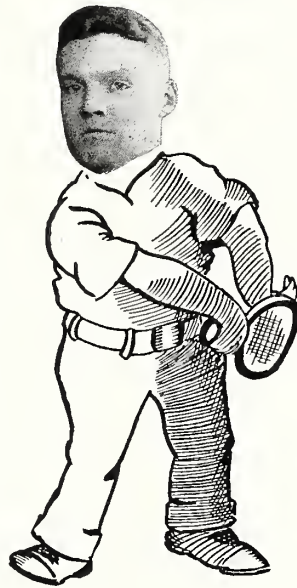


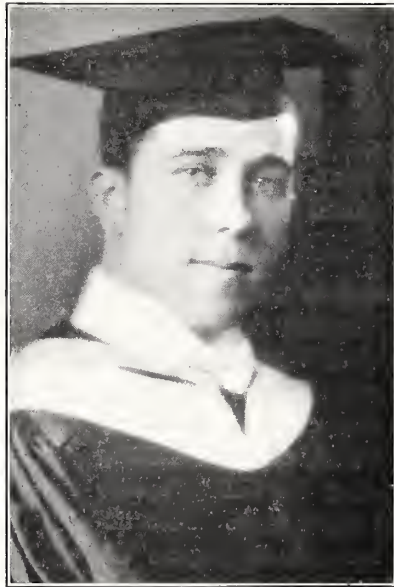
## PETER CORNELIUS COUGHLIN



FATHER, do you think that proof is very clear, Father?" Thus does our doughty representative from Locust Point claim for the less brilliant philosophers in our midst a better understanding of a thesis, since we know from Peter's bi-weekly marks that the difficulty is not his own. Next to philosophy the scene of Pete's best endeavors is the chemistry laboratory where his unique tests for cobalt and nickel will always remain the awe of less expert manipulators. In biology too, the professor owns his skill, for even though his attempt to Burbankize into oysters a means of defense in the form of stingers has not met with complete success, he is able to report progress due to an intimate study of that unhappy shellfish's natural enemy, *asterias rubens*.

Though Pete is not forced to wrestle with the dictums of Aristotle, Aquinas and Augustine, we have heard that his title of Boy Wrestler is not an empty one. As guard on the basketball team, Pete made himself valuable at a time when he was sorely needed. At putting the shot he is no novice having won several medals and being the college's only representative in this sport for a time. Pete undoubtedly is one of the best tennis players the college has produced in the last two years, never losing a singles set and at one time turning in the only victory for his team. Pete is a very determined person, as the fact that he is the only member of his section of second high to graduate will testify. We can safely predict in consideration of this determination of Peter's that he will make a successful member in whatever walk of life he will enter.







## THOMAS PATRICK DOUGHNEY



SOME people are born great, others achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them. But when it comes to wit, Tom must have been born great for he could not have acquired it in such a short time, though he is a descendant of the most humorous race. Even in earlier days Tom was always known for his ever ready humorous answers and witty remarks. Again when things were dull "Our Boy" would always be on hand with one of his famous jokes.

Tom is the idol of the Freshmen and often one sees him "handing out" fatherly advice to the yearlings. The embryo doctor seems to be training himself for years to come when he (as a M. D.) will give medical advice to his patients. Atta Boy, Tom, get an early start.

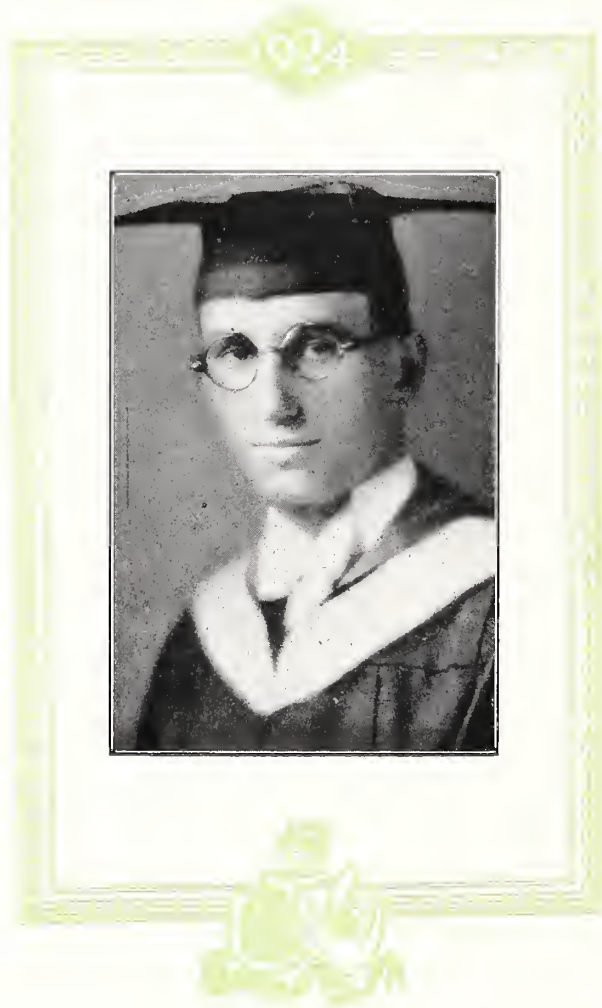
In the class-room, "The Boy", ranks among the leaders. As a philosopher, he stands on a level with Aristotle and the rest of the great masters. Moreover, it is rumored, that he can dissolve twenty-five pages of the intellectual food in his great mind in at least two hours. How does he do it?

Patrick is also an enthusiastic athlete. Swimming claims most of his spare moments. On many afternoons he can be found at Patterson or some other noteworthy pool, swimming in actually six feet of water. He is also a frequent visitor at the Maryland Swimming Club. But on these visits a certain somebody always accompanies him. Sh—Tom has a canoe.

Every class has its own politician and Tommy is our solitary boast. Great things are reported to be in store for him in the political world. But Pat's place is in the hospital, where his winsome smile can do good to those who need his assistance.

Good luck, Tom, old boy, we wish you success in your undertaking, for we all agree that the medical profession will receive a worthy student.





## BERNARD FRANCIS KIRBY



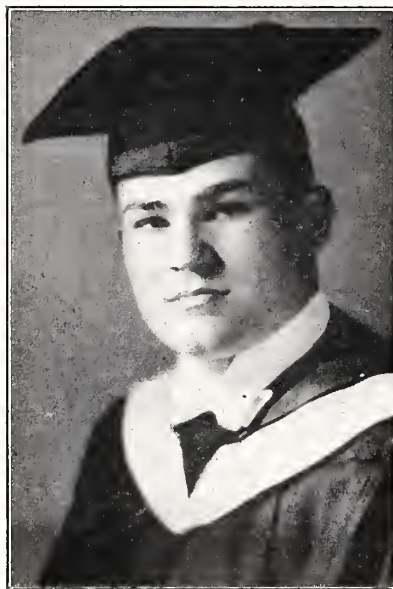
RESIDENT of the Loyola Literary Society, Manager of Basketball, Secretary of Senior Class, are a few of the offices held by Bunny during the last year. In former years he has been our ever faithful and generally harassed beadle, which position changed this year to master of notes, a functionary whose chief duty is the distribution of our intellectual nourishment. Like Cincinnatus of old, he leaves the lawn mower on his native heath to sally forth to battle, this time to the battle of wits known as the class of philosophy. For battle it is when Barnyard swings into action. He is the chronic objector to every thesis and has successfully defied the professors' arguments on the weightiest problems of theodicy, logic and metaphysics; yet he will readily defend these same theses in a circle and in a manner which will make his professor beam with pride. Lily maintains that his more or less regular migrations to Lexington Street were merely to restrain the cowboyish proclivities of several of his colleagues. He may be right, but the spirits which recently visited Baltimore have caused us to harbor a horrible doubt. Bunny's disarming frankness has caused him to be selected as the class Steve, or official mediator and fixer and many a time has he pleaded us out of rather difficult situations. Despite his small stature, Rusticus has carved out quite a name for himself being especially remembered for his work on the high school and rejuvenated college elevens. He also wields a wicked stick at Indian tennis with the reserves of his native hill. A word of praise and thanks is due here for the basketball schedule arranged by Bunny this year, especially for the high caliber of the teams met.



Bunny has not announced what profession he will take up after graduation. But whatever it is we know that his ambition, brains, willingness to play the game according to the rules, and good hard common sense will bring him to the fore as they have in the years we have known him.



1924

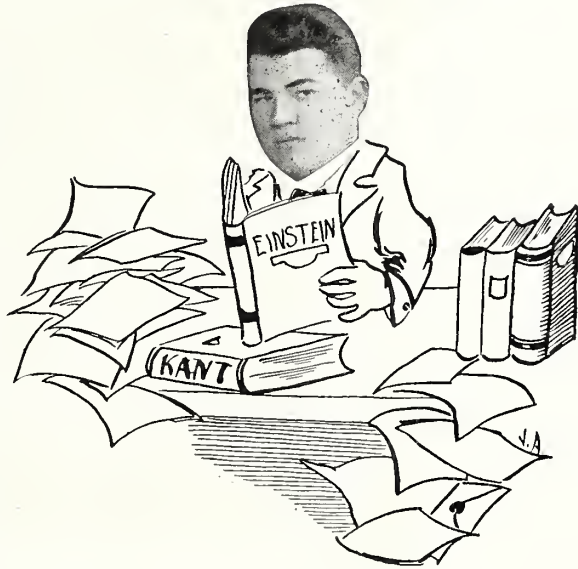


## FREDERICK JOSEPH MANNS



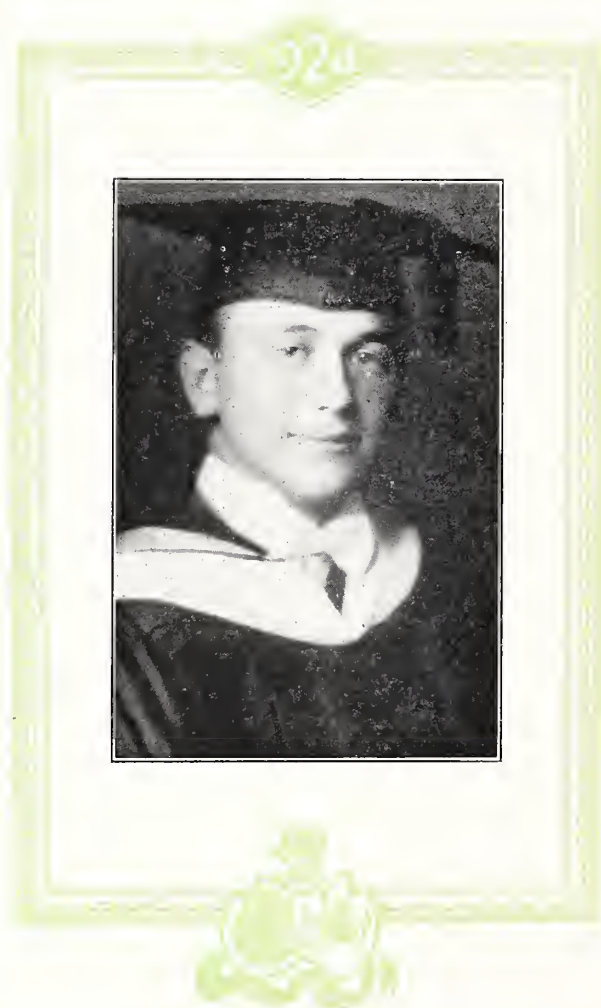
LUKE has been class treasurer and general business representative for the greater part of his college career. In addition, he has been such a good student that every commencement day a truck has been necessary to haul home the various prizes he wins. A faithful supporter of all college activities. "Matysek," despite his Herculean physique, did not take an active part in athletics until this year, when he was on the football squad long enough to sustain a wrenched shoulder, and was thereby rendered incapacitated for the remainder of the season.

Everyone thought that the above mentioned duties kept "Joe" more than busy, but of late it has crept out, mainly through the efforts of the great spiritist, Father de Heredia, that "Joe" wends his way toward East Baltimore regularly every Sunday night. Also with his inseparable "buddy", John of the curly locks, he can be seen strolling along Lexington Street on sunshiny afternoons, the envy of Baltimore's "Beau Brummels" and the cynosure of the admiring eyes of the fair sex. As one of his class-mates ably



said, "Luke lives on Lexington Street, mainly between Charles and Howard."

"Joe" has been successful in all the things he has ever undertaken, and, in the game of life, we have no doubt of his continued success. "Joe", old fellow, we wish you luck.



## BONIFACE ANTHONY MILLER



APTAIN and Manager of the Baseball Team. The mere mention of "Bonny" around the campus is as significant of Baseball as the name of Babe Ruth. Many are the accomplishments of this prominent member of our class, but by his work this year in Baseball he has built a lasting monument to himself at our old Alma Mater. Praise enough is due him and praise enough we give him for his fine playing at third base and for his captaining and managing of the team, but these are not the greatest of his achievements in the national pastime. He literally turned fiction into fact when by his persistent effort and personal work he made us do the Rip Van Winkle act in his favorite branch of sport.

For fifteen years Loyola lay in a Baseball lethargy. But the kindly coaxing and untiring efforts of "Bonny" were sufficient stimuli to bring her back to the light of the Baseball horizon. He is a fighting captain and a clever manager. The success which will surely be ours in future Baseball years will be a real proof of the good work he started.



Personality, it is said, gets us half way to success. If this is true, "Bonny" is a success before he starts; for his genial, good-natured disposition places him half way and we are quite sure that if he lacked these qualities his happy, ever-ready smile could not possibly be resisted. It would be hard to remember a single instance in our College days when "Bonny" was not in a good humor. For all, at all times, he has a smile and a pleasant word.

No less of a success is "Bonny" in his scholastic endeavors. Indeed he is a clever, hard-working student, but he refuses to let even the most abstruse and difficult questions in Philosophy make him sad.

An M. D. will be his next degree he tells us. He will certainly make a fine Doctor and no doubt his technique will be good, but if this should fail he will surely be able to cure a good many ills with his irresistible smile.

Here we have a combination of qualities about which we do not need to prophesy, with the fear that future years will contradict—he is already a success.



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## ROBERT JOHN O'CONOR

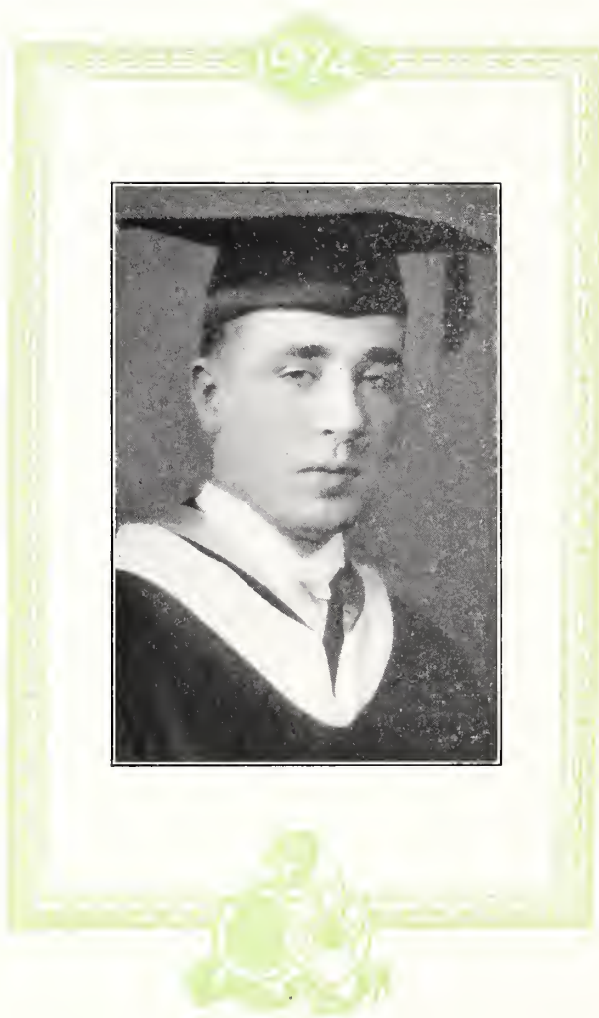


AZE and feast your eyes upon Apollo Belvedere's twin brother, otherwise known as Robert John (Speed) O'Connor, who, we are proud to say, is our Class-President and Beadle. This versatile young chap as he is tactily known by his classmates, had the great distinction of winning the popularity contest back in our high school days and we are willing to bet that he could easily carry off the honors again. Someone asked, recently, why "Speed" takes his daily walks or rather evening strolls on Charles Street? And, knowing him as I do, I advance the hypothesis, that since he is a psychologist of note, and a keen observer of human nature, it may be that this part of the city affords him a wider field of experimentation.

"Bob" is somewhat of an athlete, for during his college course, he successfully held down positions on the baseball team, on the basketball quint, and on the football squad. And yet, while kept busy with all these activities, he has never yet fallen down in the regular Saturday morning philosophical race. We also know our hero as a chemist of no mean ability and one who takes great pleasure in doing research work with that sweet and aromatic compound known to the chemist as hydrocyanic gas. He gave evidence of this back in our Analytic ousure.

After graduation, "Rob" will follow the long and difficult course of Aesculapius, but we can say with certainty that he has the qualities and perseverance that go to make up a good doctor and we can also truthfully add that he will not be an ordinary M. D.





## JOHN ALBERT O'SHEA

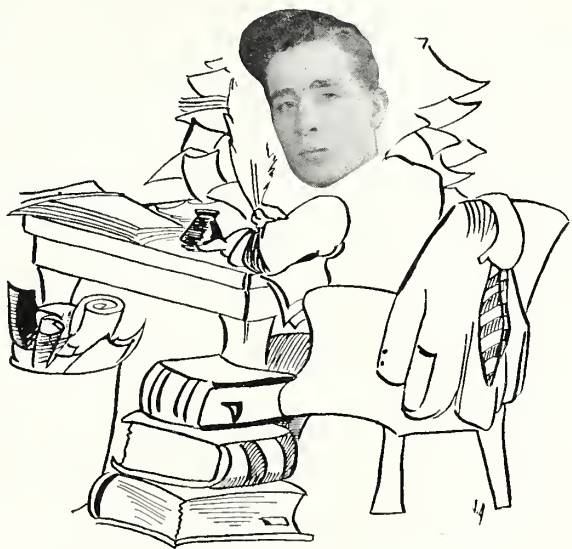


QUIET and of studious mien, at first glance one would take "Jawn" to be a serious minded philosopher not deigning to be troubled with the more frivolous things of life. That John is a philosopher and a successful one at that, everyone grants; but as to the rest, his intimates are very much amused. For they well know that in whatever harmless joke is perpetrated, or in whatever humorous trick that is played on anyone, "Jawn" is always the chief instigator if not the actual executor.

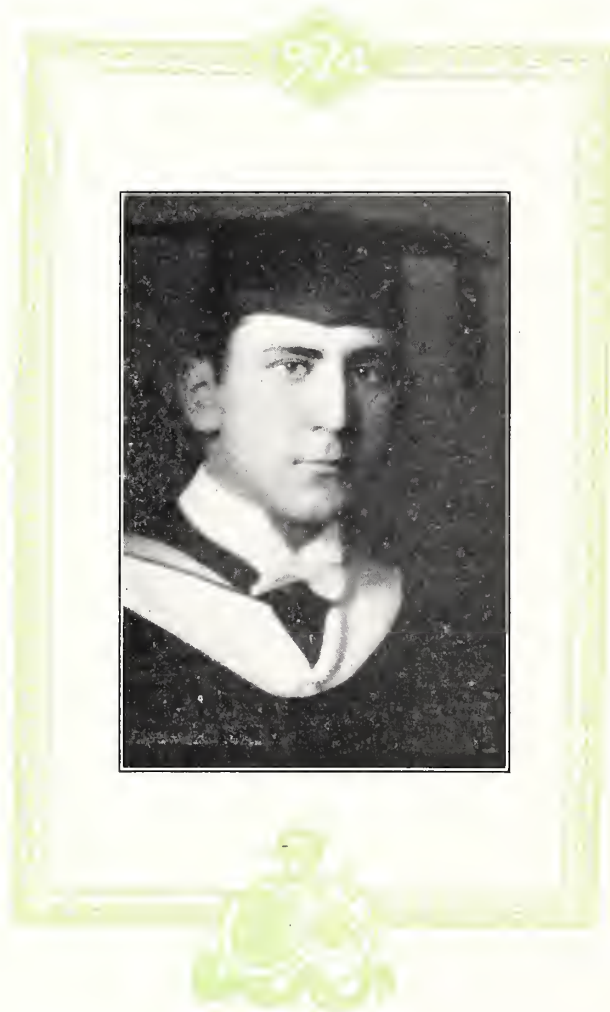
A faithful adherent to Ireland's cause, "Curly" is always ready and eager to take up the "Shillalah" in defense of Erin, the home of his ancestors. The Irish question is the chief bone of contention between him and his comrade "Luke" and many and hotly contested are the disputes they wage on the subject.

During fair weather "Jawn" loves to roam through the public parks and commune with the beauties of nature, or else to walk slowly back and forth on Lexington Street and examine the numerous window displays. Whatever it is that "gets them", whether his dark eyes, or his curly locks, he seems to draw the covert glances of the flappers as a magnet draws steel.

John, we feel sure that in whatever you take up in life, you will be a grand and glorious success, and we extend to you our heartiest wishes of health, wealth and happiness.







## A. CHASE THOMAS



ERE we have our reliable aide. So called, because Chase is ever ready to assist in interpreting the doctrine of the Epicureans. This is no more than likely since he has always been known to lend himself to matters which require depth of thought.

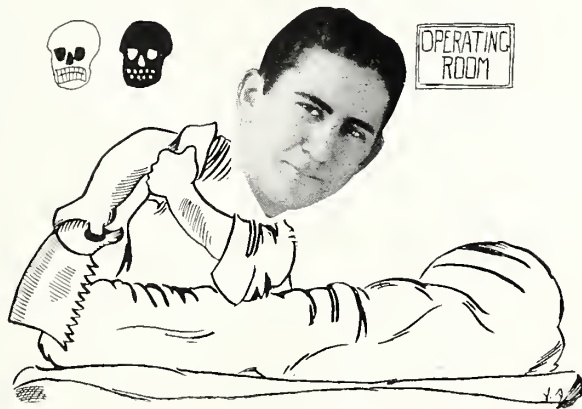
Besides being a logician, Chase is also a ball-player of note, being more distinguished however, in the latter capacity, during his high school career than at college.

For a long time we have been wondering what influence was powerful enough to have him discard his beautiful mustache. The reasons can of course be many in number, but one alone is sufficient, and we have an idea that we know the "E Pluribus Unum."

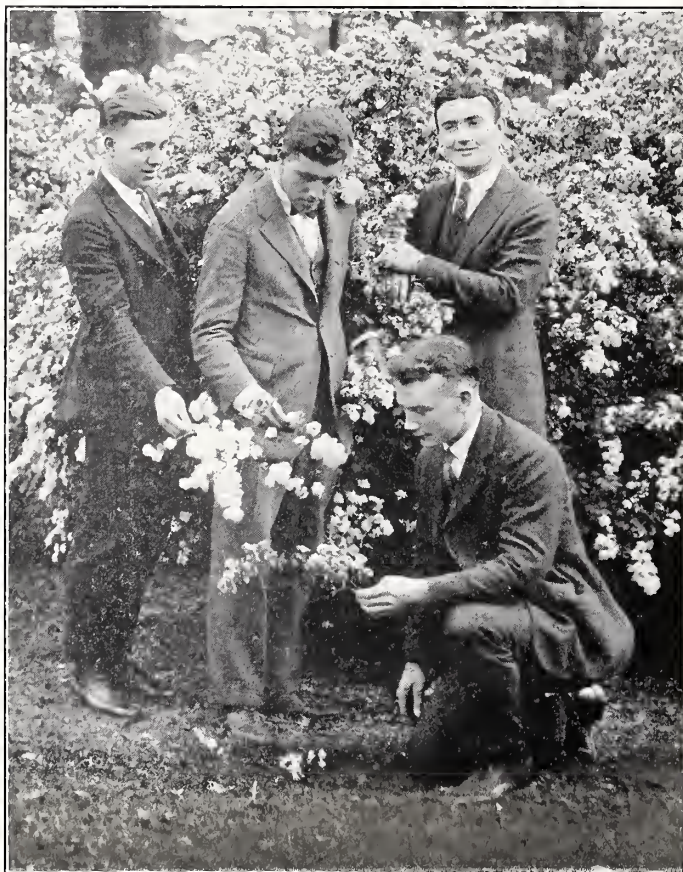
While he is affable to all who know him, Chase appreciates companions who are intellectually elevating, and his hobby seems to be the discussing and solution

of present day problems. Chase has often been charged with being too serious; but whether this be true or not, it does not detract in the least from his amiable disposition and winsome manner. Due to his extensive knowledge of bungalow construction, and foundation laying, he has acquired the name of "Art."

There is a possibility that he may abandon the realm of medicine to become a disciple of Blackstone. But whatever he should decide to do, we are quite certain that his labors will be crowned with that same success that has marked his brilliant career at Loyola.



## THE STORY OF THE JUNIORS



F. C. LAMBDEN

F. C. HORIZAN

F. J. DAILY

G. S. O'BRENNAN



ENRY BECKER. Henry was so pleased at being allowed to write his own class note last year that we just could not refuse him the pleasure this time. In part, mind, in part he writes as follows:

"Well, folks, (just like Henry, willing to be friends with everybody) they wanted me to write this little article, but I was quite reluctant, because if there is anything I hate, it is to talk about myself. (At that the printer sends out for a new box of capital I's). Well, I must say something, so I will start with the things in which I am most interested, to wit, pool, baseball, studies.

"I did not need that trick cue to win the pool tournament. Indeed, I did not. (did not win it—Ed. note) I will say one thing, my opponents put up a good fight. Always much interested in baseball, I greeted the chance to play on a college team with delight—I did play some.

"Well, anyway, I did fine in class, especially physics, when awake. Now as is the custom in articles of this nature, I will close these few remarks with a prediction of future success in whatever line", etc., etc.

\* \* \*



TAYLOR BOUCHELLE. Once upon a time a young fellow decided to be an M. D. So he studied chemistry asiduously, and got fine marks, likewise he studied physics when he had time. Not satisfied with this, however, he must go and buy an ancient Ford, in partnership with some other budding mechanics or doctors (they haven't decided which), and proceed to dissect its interior. It was no trouble, as you imagine, to find sundry knocks and diagnose them as flatulence of the perimeter (flat tire for the lay mind) and to apply the remedy. Now with such qualifications as above, to which he added some others more or less necessary, he went to medical school, and in time set out his shingle as a medico, and cured anything from falling hair to fallen arches. That's the end of our fairy tale.

\* \* \*



RANK DAILY. The boss, silent partner in any enterprise, could not be persuaded to so much as show his teeth, so we will have to write about him ourselves. Anything we say will be used against us, so to avoid incriminating statements we proceed as follows. Frank, the lawyer, must now take his turn on trial:

Question—Do you know the accused?

Answer—I do.



Question—Answer, yes or no?

Answer—Yes or no.

Question—Describe the party (pause for earmuffs).

Answer—He is a young man, just 21 years of age, with dark hair, dark eyes, dark tee-pearly teeth (see Bleach dent. ad), standing 5 feet eleven inches, very dignified, when he remembers his age, and the despair of the opposite sex. (Silence in the court room!)

Studying roads by night and sleeping philosophy by day has bowed his shoulders and put dark circles under his eyes, which perhaps add to his charm. (Now listen, if you want me to go on with this, keep quiet.) In regard to studies something from "Good Evening" might apply: "Keeping his ear to the ground will prevent any from getting very high." But he worries not; for he is the "me" of me and Fritz and Ger.

Question—Is that all?

Answer—No, that's not all, but it's all I'm going to tell you.



H. BECKER

F. KING

M. RENNIE



ALPHONSE GUMMER. That is his name anyway? We had an idea it was as above, but now he gets Gunner from one and Glummer from another. When asked what it really was he said he had forgotten; he had not heard it for so long. He also said he had no remarks about himself for publication, which saved us the trouble of changing what he might have said so that it could be published (deep—do you follow?).

Now Mr. G—a safe bet—astonishes the world in which he moves by being the possessor of several achievements. Aside from the achievement of staying with the class for many long years—no mean feat, he also is concerned in the following: it was he who battled Herr Helfrich in the finals of the pool tournament; it was he who pitched in the Washington College game (the fact that everybody on the team had his turn in this game need not be mentioned).



W. TAYMANS

A. GUMMER

Another clever performance is sleeping while balancing his chair on two legs, to the great disgust of the profs. He also leads the physics class, like the south end of a train going north—well, perhaps not that bad. One of the three Junior chappies who managed to survive three kinds of chemistry. So you see he can do some things besides wear glasses.



JOHN HENNESSY. When asked for a few remarks suitable for publication, John could not at first think of any, but after some reflection he called one of his boys and dictated the following to him:

"Ladies and gentlemen, among other things I am a scientist" (John did not specify the branch of science wherein he was adept, but unless he is fooling us it must be either chemistry or physics, since these constitute the courses he is taking in such things). "Now a scientist knows what he knows. Therefore, I know what I know."

Here we have a brief example in which, after a little thought you may discern the good influence of Dialectics, Epistemology, Rhetoric and Elocution, in all of which John is somewhat proficient.

If John follows the path along which he is heading, some day you will tune him in on the radio when you want to know what a Congressman has to say about everything.

\* \* \*



FRANK C. HORIGAN. Insurance—that is my line. See that button, "25 years of loyal service with the Northwestern." Now if those gentlemen who purchase old fiivvers will bring them around, I will see that it is made worth their while to push them in the lake. But, if insurance is my line, just look at my side lines. See that tall Freshman over there?—ask him if I can play chess. See that pale-faced Junior?—wake him up and ask him if I can play pool. See that prof. coming down the hall?—ask him if I am studious. On second thought let's change the subject. Under the able tutelage of Frank and Ger, the other "Muskrats", I stepped out in yet another line during the past year. Yes, that's it—tying hair ribbons. Joe Quince gets his tips from me. As for Moon Mullins, he only sticks to "Little Egypt" because he never met—Well, I guess that takes up enough space.

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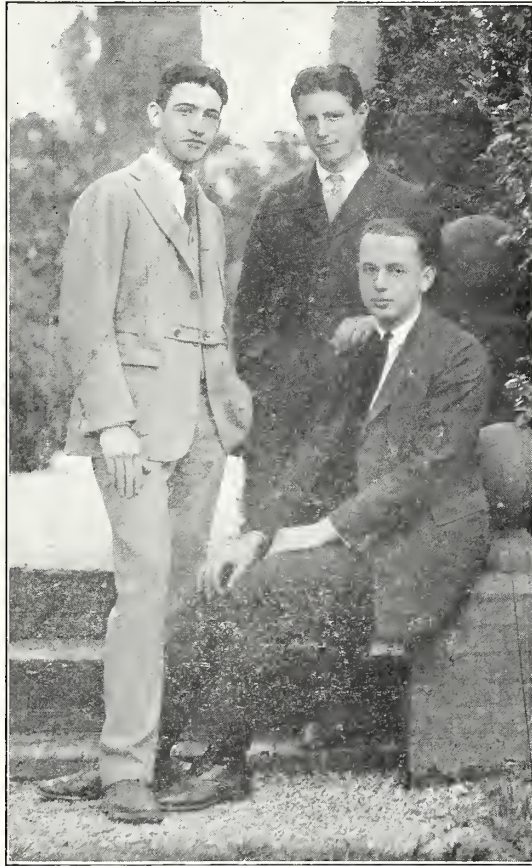


FO IRETON. Well, since no one else will write my class note, I suppose I will have to oblige and say a few words about myself. In the first place, I have become a very serious young man during the months I have spent in Junior; whereas, in my sophomore year, I was a care-free youth, enjoying the present and letting the future take care of itself. I am now turning my thoughts to what will become of me after June, 1925. I am sure that I shall be a lawyer, and when I am pleading a case, my natural ability of swaying an audience to my will, shall stand me in good stead. It was because of desiring practice in my chosen profession that I frequently spoke from the floor during Debating Period. To aid my facility in pleading, I rendered what assistance I could in obtaining contributions and arousing interest in the various school activities throughout the year. Hence since I am preparing for the future with all my strength, I no longer fear what it holds for me.





**RANK E. KING.** Although occassionally attracting the attention of the class critics by daring to wear something new to school, we find that Frank is gradually receding from the limelight which he once held, due to his unfailing humor. More serious things are occupying his mind. Elected assistant manager of football, which means that next year he is manager, he also took upon himself the thankless task of managing next year's basketball team. These difficulties entail enough work to knock the humor out of any man. The schedule he is arranging is the most ambitious Loyola ever tackled. What with the above, in addition to aiding the Alumni Association, occasional trips to the City of Brotherly Love (or is it sisterly) and running the lunch counter, is it any wonder that "Rex" is hard put to keep up with himself, and to keep his profs in a good humor by studying enough to satisfy them, if that is possible.



L. IRETON

T. BOUCHELLE

J. PENN





CARROLL LAMBDEN. When our inquiring reporter set out in search of Fred Carroll, little did he suspect the length of his journey, else he would have packed a trunk—even as Carroll does. Our reporter missed the usual car at Charles and North, which by some mistake Fred caught. At Evergreen, after a careful inquiry among faculty and students, it was discovered that no one had seen Fred. Somehow he was found, peacefully asleep in a rosebed in the Gardens. According to the reporter, who



X. WATSON  
J. HENNESSY      A. SCHEURICK

won't tell how he found out, Fred's dreams ran like this: Standing on a bluff at Pinehurst and looking out over the bay, Fred made a wish, and he was no longer alone. The scene faded, luckily for him, and he stood at the door of Father

Ooghe's room, trembling. This scene must fade. Sweet strains of music fill the ether—oh! here is Fred Carroll at his best, playing Number 17, page 38, while rough, yet earnest voices do their best to catch him. Wake up!

\* \* \*



ERALD O'BRENNAN. Someone asked me if I am a debater and I said I was. To prove it, I entered the public debate—came near winning, too.

Someone asked me if I were a boxer. To prove I was I carried a black eye for five days.

Someone asked me if I am good-looking. I told them not to ask me, ask mother.

They asked me other things, too, but I would not answer so you'll never know.

I am always willing to oblige by helping out with dances, dates, and such, but these things I do not consider at all important. But let someone say a word against my beloved France (I was there) and I will be on my feet, my eyes blazing, and my voice raised in thundering defense. My place as class president seems to be as secure as Prudential, and as lasting. Perhaps some of my influence is due to my great age and the fact that I am a "Muskrat."

\* \* \*



AMES A. PENN. A year finds little change in "Jimmy", save perhaps to make him twelve months older and just a little more rotund. Experience born of age is making him daily better and better suited to the indifferent and superior manner that is as much a part of him as his carefully groomed appearance. He is skilled in the art of getting maximum results from minimum effort, and in getting the goat of anyone foolish enough to wear what they thought was a good looking suit, hat or necktie in his coldly calculating presence. When he finishes with such the wearers invariably throw them away. His principal class activities are leading the cheering section and playing tit-tat-tice, at which he is supreme. The prime worry of his life is to keep those on either side of him awake and happy. His prime fear is that his profs will suspect him of brilliancy and put him to work.

\* \* \*



ALCOLM RENNIE. Butter Scotch. Ancestry shows in his habit of saving words. Also when he waits on the lunch counter you get 5 for a nickel. But the shades of his ancestors, resting in Highland Bonnie Brae's, turn in their graves when Malcolm has a little money, for like the rest of us he only keeps it long enough for it to burn holes in his Malcolm has lots of time to study now that he hasn't any place much to go. As a result he has been getting good marks all years which proves what the teachers say, but does not make Malcolm any happier.



**FRANK SCHEURICH.** Though Frank has not been so long with us, for he entered our class towards the end of Sophomore year, he has long since ceased to be a stranger, and he is showing himself to be quite a likeable fellow. He is, however, more serious minded than our flighty brethren, and leans rather to studious pursuits than to the frivolities and levities in which some others of us plentifully indulge. Frank's growing popularity is born of a respect for a hard-worker and augmented by his skill on the diamond. There is one thing about him that will be forever a matter of concern to his classmates: the earliest arrivals at school each morning always find that Frank has preceded them. The solution must be that he sleeps in the classroom at night. Better to sleep there at night than during the day, he says in answer.

\* \* \*



**WILLIAM TAYMANS.** Bachelor of Arts, Ph. D., which for "Willie" mean both pharmacy and philosophy, and Master of the Soup. He will prove this when he goes up on the stage for his gold medals.

Being a teacher has not affected his modesty. No, indeed! He tried to bribe the author of this drivel to tell the public who the brightest and best looking one in the class is. But the poor but honest scribe turned down the offer; it was not large enough. Besides modesty probably forbade him from telling the truth.

"Will" is rewriting philosophy with the aid of Father Ooghe. When he gets through it will be perfect, and the little Juniors may study it without fear of error.

\* \* \*



**XAVIER J. WATSON.** "Moco" we call him, because of his great strength. Made his debut in society this year and we can assure you that society will be the better for his appearance. He is on the board of visitors at Notre Dame and sundry other places. Gave certain members of the class, who are used to riding in a little "kiddie car" the treat of riding down town in his Packard "8" and to this day they still talk about it. According to them everybody they passed spoke to them, but we think they were admiring the car. "Moco" agrees with Hiram that a certain young man is rightly called "Bumble Bee."

During the bazaar, it was "Xav." who brought most of the girls to the Sunday afternoon meetings, and no wonder. We would rather ride in one, too. Besides "kiddie cars" do not hold enough.

"Xav's" most recent and outstanding achievement of the year was being awarded the medal as best speaker in the annual public debate, which in the opinion of all, he well deserved.



# INTRODUCING

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B. DONOHUE

F. BUETTNER

S. DEMARCO

H. MEAGHER



## JOSEPH VINCENT ABROMAITIS



J. URBAN

J. ABROMAITIS

J. THALER

"Abro" likes all studies save Chem-is-try, which he says is a mystery; but he's bright—get that right—and his marks are always high, no matter what goes by. By the contortion of his features, in this one man seem many creatures. When he's excited, his eyes beat fast, until exciting time is past.

Like all great minds, our Joe must play; come out on the diamond any day and see this favorite of us all indulging in a game of bat and ball. He tells us stories—very funny—used to play a game called "Rummy." Pretty pictures can he draw, and some of the funniest you ever saw. Has no faults save one, perchance; and that's a desire for the classic dance. But all in all he's a good old scout, and generally knows what it's all about.

## J. PAUL COOLAHAN



P. COOLAHAN

F. PEACH

L. FRIERSON

State of Maryland, City  
of Baltimore, year of our  
Lord, 1924.

We, the members of the  
Sophomore Class, do charge  
J. Paul Coolahan, in the  
manner as follows, to wit:

That it is impossible  
to judge accurately his  
thoughts by looking upon  
his face, features, visage  
or whatever else may ap-  
pear beneath his hat.

That his recitations are  
of the best, much to the  
delight of the professor and  
much to the edification of  
the good students then and  
there assembled.

That his success as an  
athlete has been greatly im-  
paired by the joint acqui-  
sition of, the purchase of,  
or the coming into posses-  
sion of, a certain make  
of automobile, known by

the various and sundry names of "Lizzie"—"Junk"—"Lincoln Four."

And moreover, that he, in returning from a seance, party or jolly time, committed, executed or was guilty of, what is commonly called a "faux pas", an indiscretion, or an error in judgment, much to the delight of his several companions. (Witnesses hereof will be produced upon demand.)

Therefore, we ask unanimous assent to the fact that our "Mailman" is an all-around good fellow.

W. ALBERT BOWERSOX

The first to laugh at any joke,  
The last to stop his chortle,  
He's burdened less by care's harsh yoke  
Than any other mortal.

Each morn, before his hard worked glass,  
He bandoline's his pate,  
Then wanders blithely into class,  
Albeit a trifle late.

He managed well the foot-ball team,  
So to keep things off the rocks,  
We leave each enterprise and scheme  
To the tender care of "Sox."



A. BOWERSOX   MAX WAYS   W. McWILLIAMS   R. NEUWEIN



## The Two Nobles

The cast: Prince Nequer—Salvatore J. Demarco.

Duke of Sopha—Harry R. Meagher.

Time: any evening after seven o'clock.

Place—Red Room of Palace Venus.

Enter, Prince (in a daze): To study or not study: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler to study or trust to fickle chance—

(Rummages about desk) What ho! where is my trusty "Trot"?  
Zoons! 'Twas here, should be, methinks I smell a fault therein.  
Flourish—enter Duke.  
Now sir, your pleasure?

Duke. May it please you—it is my delight to walk.

Prince. To walk, eh? And where?

Duke. By preference, the sea shore, my lord—  
That I, like great men, may leave footprints i' the sand.  
And your's sir?

Prince. Mine, say you? To retire into milady's presence—  
Like Anatole. I must have my affairs.  
How fare you?

Duke. As usual, one step lag of well.  
Two long years spent in pursuit of the Muses.  
Fie! M'lord—they are elusive; trust them not.

Prince. Muses, elusive, trust them not?

Duke. Aye, the intricacies of Latin, French, the depths of German;  
Precepts of our native tongue, and the riddle known as Chemistry.

Prince. Aye, 'tis of that Ciceronian lingo that I'm filled—  
Filled as can be filled a sieve.

Duke. Enough! Let us speak of things more pertinent to our mood.  
Why not of—

Prince. Stop! I warn you! Desist?

Duke. Stop what?



Prince. That name, word or appellation!

Duke. Well, as our bard says, All's well that ends well.  
Methinks 'tis time to vacate. Whither go we? Quo vadis?

Prince. But sir, our books—

Duke. True, pull yonder chain and if the darkness o'ertake you  
Ere you reach the door—then keep moving.  
But should you beat the darkness—then study.  
(Makes the trial, darkness overtakes him. Re-lights the lamp.)

Prince. Fate has deemed that I study not; whither?  
(Steps forward—Duke staggers back.)

Duke. What! Go in skirts?

Prince. Avaunt knave, 'tis my pantz!  
(Grand rush for the exit, the Duke in the lead.)

—Curtain—

\* \* \*

## BERNARD W. DONOHUE

### I.

This Sophomore hails from Clarksburg,  
A very fair town you'll admit;  
But from the size of the place  
'Tis a very clear case  
They cannot find room for his wit.

### II.

When the fall of the year rolls around,  
To Evergreen's buildings he wanders;  
In all matters quite prudent,  
A really good student  
At night o'er his studies he ponders.

### III.

A mighty fine trackman of promise,  
His specialty's running the mile;  
Every day prompt at three,  
At the mark on one knee,  
Awaiting the gun with a smile.

IV.

In the clubroom one day some one said,  
That boy sure has many fine points.  
With a "Hump" in his mouth,  
Shouts "wie kommst du darauf"  
Sure I ought to have, look at my joints.

V.

Energetic and serious minded,  
His thoughts to medicine tend;  
So, "Dear", keep on going;  
You've made a good showing,,  
And everyone here is your friend.

LELAND G. FRIERSON

A wizard, he  
In chem-is-try,  
Sworn enemy  
Of Static.  
Vers-'ed in e—  
Lectricity  
And Science  
Mathematic.  
He found the very  
Lit-tle-est  
Of quantity  
There is—  
In buying the  
Third interest  
In second hand  
Tin Liz.

JOHN CUMMINGS

He was but once a humble lad  
A gangling youth of light,  
But now he moves with Moslem grace  
And rules a Caliphate.

His bound'ries stretch both far and wide  
And never does a week  
Pass by but what he visits all—  
They hail him as the sheik.

The beauties of his large harem  
Do cause him endless troubles;  
They fight like tigers for his love  
And wail in piercing trebles.

But when he deigns to cast a glance  
Upon a maiden fair.  
Oh, how her heart does gurgitate  
And lose its savoir faire.



J. MENTON    R. LYON    J. CUMMINGS

ROBERT SALVATORE DI PAULA

Were we to cite his countless capers,  
Not all the world could furnish papers;  
Hence we'll try in chosen few,  
To give Di Paula all his due.

To look at him you would have thought,  
That "Bert" in single mould was wrought,  
Which being once employed,  
Was then and there destroyed.

When'er the bell sounds loud for lunch,  
Skids he away from all the bunch;  
Enters the library, pulls down a book,  
And takes a seat in a quiet nook.

It is supposed that from these pages  
Extracts he teachings from all sages;  
To what extent we can't surmise;  
The exact amount may hold surprise.

He's good in Latin; German, too;  
Speaks French as only Frenchmen do.  
Thinks in the tongue of his native land,  
Does all his talking with one hand.

One day when in the chem'stry lab,  
While all were bending o'er their slab,  
"Dip" scorned the use of caution, care,  
And thereby fired his raven hair.

Oh what a frenzy uproar, shout!  
Oh what a rush to put it out!  
And when success had crowned this attempt,  
Rob fled from the lab, grotesque and spent.

When Robert quits Loyola's ground  
And trots down Charles Street, homeward bound,  
He leaves the law and the hand of the cop,  
And never fails in a car and a "hop."  
Amen! We end this little story  
With best of luck to Salvatore.



CARROLL McBRIDE

A jovial youth, who's never sad;  
Whose knowledge makes professor glad;  
A fellow never, never, mad,  
Who? Why "Inches."

A deed unjust? One bold, rash, word?  
Vaunt thee, Sir! 'Twould be absurd.  
Whene'er he speaks, he needs be heard.  
Who? Why "Inches."

He's troubled by no winsome lass;  
'Tis why he stands so high in class;  
Never a doubt if he will pass.  
Who? Why "Inches."

Though short in station, tall in mind;  
A better pal, be hard to find.  
We wish there were more of his kind;  
Who? Why "Inches."



R. DI PAULA

C. McBRIDE

## JOHN MENTON

A bag of wiles and mild deceits,  
His jester's wit no care unseats;  
But topples Worry from his throne  
While vacuous laughter reigns alone.

A solemn mien demurely meets  
The eye and hides the undertone  
Of impish prank that ever cheats  
Officialdom, beguiled, unwilling to condone.

## II

Lothario with all his charm  
Is but today a false alarm.  
He's antiquated as the Ark  
When J. A. Menton toes the mark.  
His naivetes their hearts disarm;  
Yet frequently he does embark  
(A sign his heart continues warm)  
On his trusty, dusty Brill, from the Point to Forest Park.

## WILLIAM J. McWILLIAMS

Our President is he, and we are proud  
Of one so versed and versatile in all  
Those arts that single talent from the crowd  
With clearer note than Stentnor's battle call.

Not talent of that most unpleasant kind,  
That's always on display with brow tight-knit,  
But blended, as we seek but rarely find,  
Are true ability and ready wit.

A speaker who leaves nought to be desired,  
But that he speak again—whate'er his theme  
Replete with logic and with passion fired,  
His place was sure on our Debating Team.

He tells us tales—we listen stilled and hushed.  
If they are true, Annapolis is some town.  
I'll swear Munchausen would have stared and blushed  
To hear, and Ananias yielded up the crown.

Impervious alike to charms and wiles,  
Of t' other sex, although his hair is curled.  
His home's in Crab-Town, whence he journeys miles,  
His tales are whales—his oyster is the world.

REGINALD A. NEUWIEN

Beholde thys sleekit bryght-eyed knyght,  
Who erstwyle yt was but a wyght,  
But nowe has growne to manhoode fulle  
And groweth lik ye lusty bulle.

He groweth wenne he riseth uppe,  
He groweth wene he chuse to suppe,  
He ceaseth not wenne bedtyme comme  
But groweth on tyll mornynge sunne.

Hys redde, redde face was oft bedark'd,  
Hys brow wyth lynes fulle sharply marked.  
Of late hys darke demeanor change,  
He smileth nowe in manner strange.

But wenne we gently quire wy,  
He answers onely wyth ye syghe.  
A yuthe so bolde and brave and true  
To be bewytchede bye eeyes of blue!

FRANCIS TENNANT PEACH

Back where winds court pine and beeches,  
Dwells our recluse, Frank T. Peaches.  
Once tried life in urban upheaval,  
Soon went back to the forest primeval.  
Likes flowers, birds, trees, snakes, and rock  
All found around his beloved Woodstock.  
Has no love for the talkative sex,  
Holds them all as the quantity "X."  
Speaks the twang on stogie boxes,  
Has no faults, save hunting foxes.  
Has an eye for shoes of tan,  
The which there are none better than.  
Just got over a long sick spell,  
Welcome back, Frank, strong and well.

MITCHELL TWARDOWICZ  
EMMANUEL SCHIMUNEK

*Time*—12.50.

*Place*—Lunch Room.

TWARDOWICZ:

Methinks thou art indeed fortunate this fair day,  
Having obtained, as it were, three coveted buns;  
In sooth, thou dost appear to be a man of weight,  
In some way favored by our custodian of victuals.

SHIMUNEK:

These specimens of culinary art indeed are toothsome,  
Deserving of praise, and worthy of being consumed;



E. SCHIMUNEK

M. TWARDOWICZ

Nevertheless I soon hope to treat the famished  
Students to some choice pastries from my bakery.  
However, dear Twardo, to speak of higher things,  
'Twas indeed a noble translation rendered  
By thee in Greek this morning. 'Tis seldom  
Thou dost otherwise; I may rightly be proud  
Of thy companionship.



TWARDOWICZ:

Tut! Tut! 'twas but the fruit of study.  
And thou, in like manner, covered thyself  
With a mantle of glory in the analysis of Cicero's  
"Pro Milone", I doubt not thy wisdom.

SHIMUNEK:

I admit it worthy of comment; and I must  
Thank thee, my friend, for hindering me  
From journeying into the land of slumber  
During our beloved French Class.

TWARDOWICZ:

This morning found thee a trifle sleepier  
Than usual. Five times I did knock at thy ribs,  
And only four times didst thou respond.  
Our esteemed professor cast a multitude of severe  
Glances in thy direction.

SHIMUNEK:

Alas! 'Tis my misfortune to be so fond of slumber!  
As is known to thee, I am as well known for my daily  
Naps in class as for my early rising;  
Whilst thou art worshiped as a student  
And athlete—I would not reverse places.  
There! Didst hear the musical sound of  
Yonder bell?

TWARDOWICZ:

Indeed. Now to enjoy two or more pleasant  
Hours amidst the mysteries of Chemistry.

#### FRED BUETTNER

All hail to Fritz from Highlandtown;  
Averse to work, but not renown;  
For Dutch is on the College nine,  
And there his fame doth mostly shine.  
Verily a Prince of Swat,  
Pitched high, pitched low, it matters not.  
He came to us from Mt. St. Mary's;  
And as a "grid-champ" is the berries.  
But youth-like has he faults; is set  
On bow-ties, Charles Street, and a Pet.  
In every class he holds a bench;  
In Latin, Greek, especially French.  
Tho somewhat "Kitt'nish", shy and meek,  
He ne'ertheless is Soph'more's Sheik.

JOSEPH M. THALER

Few people like to study much,  
Now this we know is so;  
But there's one in the Sophomore Class,  
His name is Smoky Joe.

French, German, Latin, Chem. or Math,  
All look alike to him;  
Gets in his three hours every night,  
And does it with much vim.

At nine A. M. he takes his seat,  
And waits to strut his stuff.  
Then sticks his hand up in the air,  
When not called on enough.

A star upon the cinder path.  
A rival of the best;  
Starts running with a burst of speed,  
And passes all the rest.

Of College Spirit he is full;  
He cuts across the lots;  
Like any other athlete,  
In class, or field, he trots.

GEORGE EDWARD URBAN

Here we have our biggest man  
Known to the world as George Urban.  
He can stand a lot of chaff  
It does one good to hear him laugh.  
    Of stately poise and bearing  
    Chock-full of plans and daring,  
    George studies French  
    And Latin, too,  
    But never, never, German.

An actor, some of note.  
Didst ever hear him quote  
Those classical lines?  
His success we assure,  
If he does not abjure,  
His studies in these trying times.

ROBERT M. LYON

The basket ball court, the whole world of sport,  
Knows the name and the fame of "Bob" Lyon,  
And we hear the report from a bayside resort,  
Where they claim, with a dame neath a vine,

"Bob's" a champ who bars none—O the son of a gun!  
—Once, to eke out of Greek what it hid  
Was his joy. It's still done but he thinks it no fun.  
In a week to a sheik—what a skid!

But he studies hard still and, no doubt always will,  
To succeed is his creed and his goal,  
While his faults may be nil, his praises would fill,  
If they need to, indeed a long scroll.

CHARLES MAX WAYS

Here is a boy we like real well,  
And you would like him too,  
If you knew all we'd like to tell,  
Of what this youth can do.

In all his classes stands he high,  
His merit makes it so;  
How he brushes objections by!  
To the bar, should he go.

O were that prying Greek around,  
With his, then futile, rays;  
He would proclaim "My man is found!",  
Chanced they to fall on Ways.

## ENTER THE FRESHMEN



D. J. TOOMEY





JOSEPH FRANKLIN ARNOLD. "Joe" is a newcomer from Calvert Hall, and with his pleasant ways and conduct, has thoroughly established himself here. "Joe" was one of the mainstays of the baseball team, having pitched many a brilliant game. Being one of the socially inclined, his presence brightened many of the collegiate proms. Other ways, too, "Joe" has helped maintain the social aspect of Freshman. And we cannot leave him without mentioning the fact that despite a handicap at the beginning of the term, he has worked himself well up among the leaders of the class in studies.



B. HELFRICH

C. BAMBERGER



CLINTON BAMBERGER. Bamby might be termed the official custodian and upholder of the social honor of the class. At dances, bazaars, the sidelines of football and basketball games, Bamby was always delightfully present. Being firmly established in the good graces of the professors by his high average in studies, Bamby has become a true companion and friend to the whole class by his many admirable qualities. But with the charming air, the urbane manner, the truly cosmopolitan knowledge of the social game, what wonder that certain members of the fair sex find his companionship all too delightfully pleasant. But Bamby is not spoiled by adoration, he yet pursues his even course; "What would you" he reasons in the manner of our Gallic neighbors.



JOHN THOMAS BLAIR. A mighty pleasant young man, quiet, self-contained, and yet self-absorbed. Whenever a good translation is required, or, if in Algebra, a proof is wanted, John, for all his unassuming attitude, is always ready with a well-sounding or convincing phrase or argument. John has quite a distance to cover every day, from near Owings Mills, and it argues well for trait of punctuality that he is never late. Again, he is ever ready to assist any of his friends in any way. Such, then, is John, a heady scholar, ready well-doer, and best of all, a steady friend.

\* \* \*



JOHN BERCHMANS CONWAY. Forward on the Freshman basketball team, pitcher on the College baseball team, are a few of John's sporting activities. In the classics, and in Algebra, John has a consistently good record. Again, he has demonstrated at the Freshman and other dances, that he possesses a pair of agile feet. But we cannot possibly pass over that famous Wednesday morning, when, the Moderator of the Debating Society having asked for a volunteer, John stepped up and in a thrilling, throbbing speech, that would have warmed the heart of Demosthenes, held his audience spellbound and wrapped in admiration. This quality of good speaking, together with his many other excellencies bode well, we think, for future success.

\* \* \*

It was only a brief "Good Morning" As he passed along the way, But it spread the morning's glory Throughout the life-long day.



HENRY BOGUE CUMMINGS. This little poem, the pride of the Bentztown Bard, may aptly be applied to Bogue. His long, lean self, beaming forth with geniality, truly radiates the warming rays of sun-like laughter throughout the day in the classroom. But this is not the only outstanding mark of his popularity among the fellows. So many traits of character go to make up a popular fellow like Bogue, that to place them all here would take up too much room. But, we may say truthfully, that whatever one you may ever think of, Bogue possesses it.



EDWARD LAWRENCE DOYLE. It seems that oftentimes the brightest pearls of wisdom drop from hitherto unknown sources. Take Ed Doyle as an example. He is not given to airing his views in any free and easy manner on every subject beneath the sun. Yet in the weekly debates, especially during the too few times of his appearance as a speaker, he has given the most profound sentiments and deepest reasoning. His oratory, too, is of high order. Ed's interest and deep appreciation of the classic authors mark him among the other students. Ever courteous, with cheery word for all, giving his best efforts daily, Ed is a true type of friend, scholar and gentleman.



E. SULLIVAN

G. GIBSON



JOSEPH DRENGA. Who is the scholarly looking fellow? Head of the league for the extension of free verse, or delegate-plenipotentiary to the meeting of famous pen and pencil pushers? No, he is none other than Joe Drenga, one of the foremost scholars of the classics in Freshman. Joe, besides, was a star performer on the court, being a sub on the College basketball squad. Though quiet by nature, he has a hearty appreciation for moments of laughter. Steady, persevering, Joe follows truly Horace's maxim of "Auream mediocritatem."



JOHN ECKENRODE. Before proceeding with my autobiography, I wish to contradict several erroneous rumors that have been spread about me. I am not as many would have me believe, the Duke of Westminster, although some day I hope to be the mayor of that thriving metropolis. My present domicile is on 42nd Street, Baltimore, Md. Moreover, my greatest ambition is not to be a farmer. Such things as farm-yard poultry do not come within my wide range of knowledge, as I am entirely occupied by study of the classics and kindred subjects. I realize that all great men are as a rule modest, still I find myself succumbing to the temptation to write up myself. However, I must lay down the fact that I am a track star. Of course I will never aspire to defeat Charley Paddock. Yet I'll be greatly disappointed if I don't do the hundred in seven flat. Finally I wish to state, that my name is John, not "jawn."

\* \* \*



WILLIAM EAGAN. Ben is one of the most important persons of the class, in fulfilling the not too arduous position of treasurer. Odd moments he spends at Magness' country estate, and in writing to his friends on the Hudson. As a stepper, Ben takes his place with the best, being happily present at the Class and College dances. Of late, Ben has been a devotee of the clubroom pool table and his matches with "Lochy" were events of Homeric grandeur. Though he takes life quite seriously as evidenced in his studies and poetical compositions, Ben is recognized as the humorist of the class, and many an otherwise dull and monotonous period has been lightened by his engaging witticisms.

\* \* \*



FRANCIS PERRIGO FAIRBANK. From the fair halls of Calvert Hall came this lad with his dear friend Joe. Frank has all the qualities of a good student and a good fellow and this has been shown more than once during the past year. He is one of the few poets that flourished in our class during our sojourn among the poets of antiquity and his prose compositions are merely poetry with the absence of meter rhyme. But from this do not imagine him to be the veriest pedantic and exclusive scholar, so wrapped up in study as to have no thoughts for other virtues, other points of contact with his classmates. He is well receptive of any humorous remarks made in class, is a genial friend and one of the most popular member of Freshman. Strength and tenacity of purpose, faithfulness, not alone to his studies, but to the tasks and duties of daily life, mark him apart.





GORDON GIBSON. And here we have the inimitable Gordon himself. If the shade of Beau Brummel were present, he could but sigh in envious admiration when gazing upon Gordon. For just as the Beau typified the spirit of youth in England in his day, so may the "cake-eater" be termed the reincarnation of the Beau in typifying the spirit of youth of the present day. And among these we may include Gordon. With a pleasing personality, and being a graceful dancer, he enjoys a wide popularity with the fair ones. And who can forget the night on the trip to the Catholic U. when the quint performed? Who, I ask, can forget the delight and enjoyment afforded by Gordon's golden voice in well chosen songs? All that, combined with his genuine popularity with the whole class distinguishes Gordon as one of the leaders of Freshman.

\* \* \*



FAY FREDERICK HELFRICH. It is related that when Louis XIV was asked of some question concerning the state, he replied "The State, I am the State." Shorty may well be excused if he applied the phrase to himself, saying "Loyola, I am Loyola." But nothing could be farther from Shorty's nature than to utter that phrase, despite his numerous conquests for Loyola. In football, Shorty barked signals in masterful strategy; at basketball, he increased his reputation of high school days and brought further glory to Loyola's name on the courts; at baseball, Shorty held down first sack in big league style and hit like the biggest of big leaguers. Yet his varied scope of activities included a high grade of class studies, of pungency and master of oratory in the weekly debates. Finally, he is the politician "par excellence", being class president, representative of the class in college meetings, organizer of class affairs, and withal the best liked student of Freshman year.

\* \* \*



FANCIS J. IRETON. Somehow or other, Bugs, despite or because of his external appearance, impresses one as being a person of hidden possibilities. Mere acquaintance with his outer nature would give the impression of jolly well-being, of a polished social manner, somewhat of an "insouciance" in general habits. But on deeper knowledge one would say that he was a person vital for action, for glorious adventure; he would appreciate with true depth the glory of Horace's line "Lente, lente currite noctis equites." Bugs played a slashing game at tackle on the Freshman football team and an even more victorious game at the social affairs of the winter season. Let us mention Bugs' adeptness and fluency in translation of Latin, his general excellence in other branches and finally his magnificent grasp of Shakespearean studies.



EO LUKE KULACKI. First of all, let us mention Leo's ability as an orator. As a testimonial, Leo was awarded the Humphrey Moore Medal, representative of supremacy in the Enoch Pratt Libraries, by Dr. Bernard Steiner, head librarian. Leo also was quite fluent and masterful in his orations at the college. But it is in the classic studies that Leo shines brightest. In translation and valuation of thoughts and idea of the ancient authors, Leo has been unsurpassed since High School days. Again, his English work has been of the highest order. It may be said of him, as of Goldsmith "nullum fere dicendi genus non tetegit, nullum quod tetegit non ornavit." In sporting activities, Leo was a member of the college track team, practicing faithfully every day for the big meets. If largeness of purpose, tenacity and perseverance to daily duties are any criterion, then we may well be assured of a brilliant future for Leo.



B. CUMMINGS

J. CONWAY



ERNARD LOCHBOEHLER. The office of secretary and Lockie seem to be synonymous, for following his custom of High School days, he was elected the distinguished secretary of Freshman. Again it seems quite natural for Lockie to be an ardent disciple of the art of Demosthenes, for his clear and logical argument and rolling phrases several times distinguished the meetings of the debating society. He, in company with Leo Kulacki, received the Humphrey Moore Medal from the Enoch Pratt Library, for superiority in debating. And it is really a toss-up as to whether he or Leo, as members of the College track team, would be the one to beat Clarke in the hundred. Alternate on the College debating team, track star, class beadle, English expert, a profound student of the classics, Lockie may well be classed as one of Freshman's leaders.



**B**ERNARD McDERMOTT. Raconteur and chief authority on all sporting activities, Mac is coach of a ball team in his neighborhood and knows the game from A to Z. His anecdotes and limits as to football, basketball, baseball, lacrosse, and other sports, are always flavored with an interesting color and always well received. Mac besides, is a fiend for chess and his daily combats with "Poly" are masterpieces of action. This year Mac determined to keep up the good classical work of prep school days and he kept his resolution so well that he is easily recognized as one of the class leaders in studies. Moreover, in all class meetings, Mac has been a cheerful adviser and has given some genuinely helpful advice. Mac is big-hearted, with a cheerful smile that goes a long way to drive dull care away.



W. EGAN

I. WATKINS

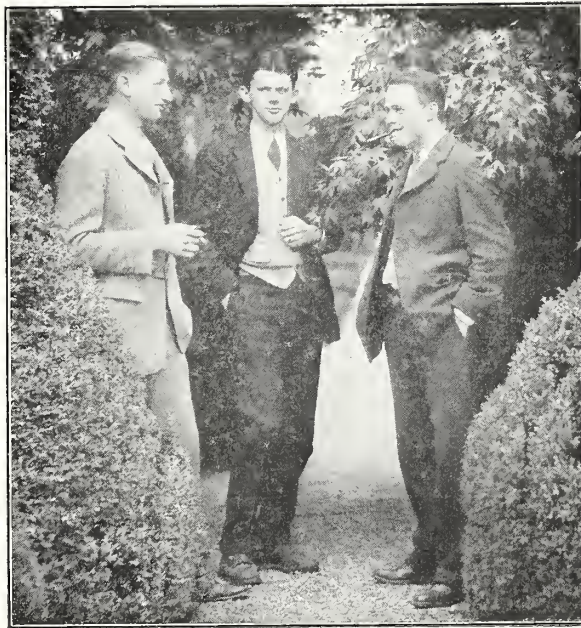


**A**LFRED McQUAID. Mac is a newcomer. He first graced our portals at the beginning of the second semester. Though quiet in manner, Mac is recognized as one of those foremost in studies. It is seldom indeed that when called on in Latin that he fails to give a brilliant English rendition. But his distinguishing trait is English work, some of his poems being compositions of rare grace and beauty. His prose work may well be termed models of finished and polished writing. Mac is generous to a fault, and, no matter what the sacrifice, has taken an active interest in class affairs.





RAY D. MENTON. Ray hails from Sparrows Point. However, do not jump to a false conclusion at once. He is one with Scully, Gibby, Bamby, and others in seeing that the escutcheon of social affairs is always kept bright. Many a time and oft has "Pop" tripped the light fantastic during the winter season of collegiate dancing. But "Pop" is also made of a sterner stuff. As witness: forward on the freshman basketball squad and outfielder on the college baseball nine. Pop's favorite indoor sport is to propose seemingly unanswerable questions to his Professor and then grin delightfully as he receives a complete and satisfactory answer.



F. IRETON J. ARNOLD R. MENTON



WALTER J. PALEWICZ. There may be runners of the distance races more fleet and more enduring than our own Walter, but to date they have not made themselves known. Pol's famous two-mile run at the 5th Regt. games is already a matter of history, and will take its place in the chief sporting events of the city. Continuing, we enumerate Walter's masterly skill at chess, at which he often contends with Mac and Fritz. At pool, Poly is nearly supreme, and, if every now and then he has an off-day, what need that matter? Finally, his famous exclamation "Chee-ie-ee", his hearty laughter and expansive geniality have brightened many a dully day.





EDWARD JOSEPH REILLY. Although Ed has been with us for four years, there are still traits of character and manner that please us anew. One of these is his droll and inimitative method of asking a question of the professor and then, being answered, proceed to analyze and characterize the response.

In the class of history, Ed is in his element, many a pleasant and historic discussion having taken place. In hospitality and good-fellowship there is none to equal Ed, as the party and dance at his house will testify. This past winter Ed played basketball, checkers and was even suspected of Mah Jong. In his English work, he composed some really delicate poems, exquisitely wrought, and also some smoothly-flowing prose. However, in his lighter moments, Ed admits his great admiration of the "Ode to a Lady's Eyebrows", but was afraid through modest fear of imitating it in his own verse.

\* \* \*



JOHN RAPHAEL SPELLISSY. And now we come to John. Press-agent extraordinary, active worker in the interests of the class, college and church societies, class banker, official school photographer, ticket taker at dances, member of various committees for the promotion of the intellectual, social and otherwise interests of the students, John is indeed an important personage. In his spare moments, John drives his gas boat about down-town and keeps in communication with Bill, Eddie, Bobbie and Berkeley at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson. Despite his numerous activities, John has managed to keep within the number of the "intellegentia" of the class. John's popularity has been attested by the large number of his personal friends and his infectious personality holds and keeps their admiration.

\* \* \*



EDWARD CUYLER SULLIVAN. Before bidding farewell to the hallowed halls of Loyola, I would like to acquaint my friends with my true character. First, although I am small of stature, I am quite an athlete, parlor or otherwise. My only rival is Jimmie Dugan. Over at my native village, I thrill the "hoi polloi" with spectacular stunts on the basketball court and the fact that I am captain of the junior lacrosse team speaks for itself. However, I have higher aims in life than to be merely ranked as a wonderful athlete. I am a student of the fine arts and am at present engaged in research work at the Maryland Institute, while my study of the Shakespearean "operi" this winter has really been intensive. I am merely a follower of the Horatian principle echoed by Omar Khayyam, "A loaf of bread, beneath some shady vine, a jug of wine and thou" with whatever interpretation upon the "thou" you wish.



**DOLPH SVITAK.** Ah graceful Adolph! We gaze in wonder and admiration as he glides over the dancing floor and charms the onlookers. Adolph is one of our most charming and cheerful social experts. It is said he is a very ardent admirer of one James J. Z. whom he is striving to emulate. We all like earnest men and Adolph is one of them. Though he may not always shine, he never disappoints us in his recitations. Adolph is the friend of all. Ready to help a friend in need always on hand with a cheerful word, he is really a good "feller."



J. PALEWICZ

W. WOCJIK

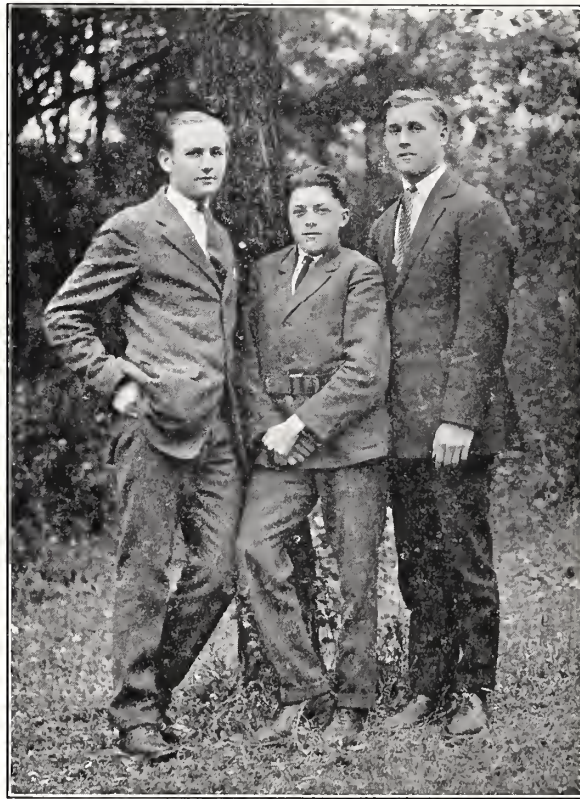
B. McDERMOTT



**VINCENT TOMALSKI.** Our friend, "Harry"! He is an earnest student and a hard worker. Though he is not at all frightened by Latin and Greek, he seems to have a preference for Mathematics. Harry likes baseball. Yes, he lives on it during the summer. He is a member of the Harvard Baseball team and has contributed much to its success. What we admire about Vincent in his patience and excellence in school-work. He never gives up before the seeming terrors of Latin and Greek. From Harry we can always expect the mightiest efforts. Through these constant efforts we some day expect to see Harry on top.



JOSEPH TOOMEY. We are not prophets. Neither do we say that any of our predictions will ever come true, but in the case of Joe we will bet our last nickel that some day he will either be a famous actor or producer. That is a very dubious thing to say about any one, but nevertheless we feel that our assertion will come true. His natural self aids in his inclinations. His classic appreciation, his natural aptitude for the written word, his prose compositions, together with his natural appreciation for dramatics heighten our trust in him. He plays the piano with all the talent of a Paderewski. Bridge, Mah Jong, and other social games come in the routine of his abilities, while class studies afford him the greatest joy.



A. SVITAK

W. ZEMAITIS

J. BLAIR





IRVING WATKINS. Irv is the class jazz-dispenser. His fingers can do all but make a piano talk. Indeed they might be said to have a power greater than speech for when Irv starts playing, there is hardly a foot that can be kept from strumming. He and Ben form an inseparable pair and to hear Irv propose the question of a riddle and Ben with the answer is to laugh long and loud. Irv is deeply impressed with the importance of the work of the English writers and has been doing some intensive Shakespearean reading. Irv is an immensely likable fellow and a host of friends attest to his good nature.



F. FAIRBANK   E. REILLY   E. DOYLE   J. SPELLISSY





WILLIAM WOJCIK. We just naturally could not get along without Willie. To quote "Wuzzy": "The benignant smile on his benevolent countenance is beautiful to behold." Rumors coming to our ears say that Willie is quite the social lion. In fact it is whispered about that he almost rivals J. J. Z. Who would have believed it? Nevertheless it is a fact. And yet "Wuzzy" can shine quite fulsomely in the kingdom of studies when he determines to do so, and it is but rarely that he does not. Willie cheers us all by his manners; more than once the class had to take "time out" to recover from one of his very own "jox."



J. DRENGA B. LOCHBOEHLER L. KULACKI



JAMES ZABAWA. Yes, this is "Zab", himself—the incomparable. Every community must have its great man. We can only say that we have "Zab." "Zab" is a track man and according to himself can do a mile in zero flat, provided there is a flat-footed guardian of the law behind him. Sitting in the rear of his class, James has great opportunity of boasting to "Willy" about his latest conquests and of dreaming about "Jo." When "Zab" has a mind to study, Latin and Greek have no terrors for him. "Let me at them" he cries, and they fall before him like . . . like . . . well ask "Zab."





WILLIAM ZEMAITIS. This blond, husky youth was one of the guards on the newly-formed Freshman football team. And it may well be told that few plays of the opposition were executed in "Zep's" territory, while his muscled weight and dogged, slashing attack tore great holes in the enemy's line. But while emphasizing his football prowess, let us not overlook the fact that "Zep" is one of the most brilliant and persevering students of the class, his marks being a matter of just pride. A youth of courage, of geniality and good-fellowship, "Zep" has a real claim upon the respect and admiration of his fellow-students.

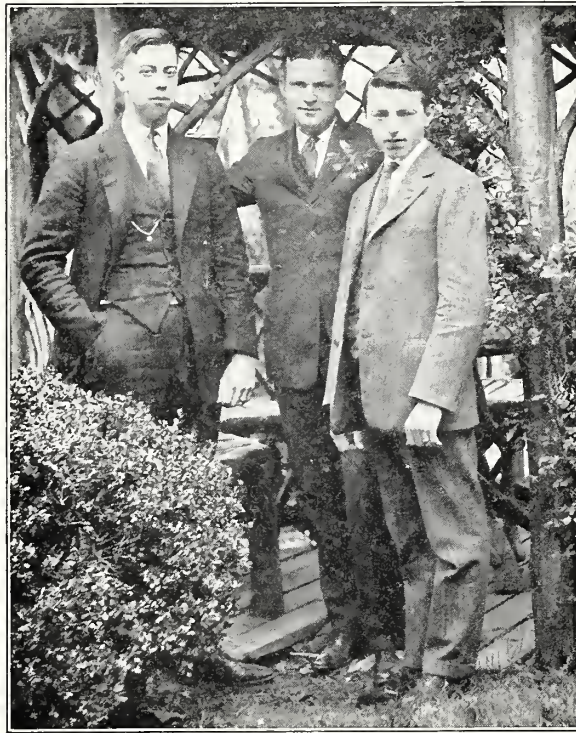


W. MCQUAID J. ECKENRODE J. ZABAWA V. TOMALSKI



## Second Year Pre-Medical

BENJAMIN STEPHEN HAYDEN. Surely anybody with such a lengthy and dignified name as "Ben's" couldn't help being an important person. As leader of our trio, "Ben" is "Old Man Importance" himself and if you need a little advice, especially about headaches and other aches (?) Dr. Hayden just naturally can give it to you. "Ben" was somewhat of a lacrosse player at Polytechnic Institute



B. HAYDEN

V. MESSINA

A. KEMP

but to our disappointment we have not had the opportunity to see him display his form at Evergreen, but nevertheless if you doubt his ability as to handling a lacrosse stick, let him show you a few trick motions with his pipe and how a smoke screen can help one when running into the defense. Not only is "Ben" an athletic star, but he is also a bright and shining light of his class and the originator



of such wise cracks as "My work well done, is rare." So say we all, "Ben." When to these points is added his popularity with his fellow students it can be easily seen that "Ben's" stay at Loyola College has been successful and we feel sure that he will be a success in the medical profession. Good luck to you "Ben."

ALEXANDER BROWN KEMP. "Alex" is the philosopher of the class. No sooner had "the science of sciences" been presented to us, than he began to devour it. But philosophy is not "Brownies" only attainment. He is equally proficient in other studies. In fact he became so interested in biology and dissecting, that the residents of Catonsville now lock their cats up at night.

"Alex" early decided to follow the science of Hippocrates. If he works as hard at medical school as he has worked at Loyola, his success is assured.

VINCENT MESSINA. Vincent is the personification of all that makes for determination, perseverance, and kindness.

What would we do if we did not have him as our chief consultant in the chemistry and biology labs? He disposes of a chemistry experiment in the twinkling of an eye, with results that even surprise the Professor. In Biology, his sketches surpass in perfection those found in the text book.

Vincent, hailing from City College, has done credit to his former Alma Mater, devouring philosophy and sciences at a pace which makes it difficult for many of us to follow.

We have no doubt that he will carry out his ambitions, and become a noted Doctor, reflecting credit on old Loyola.

## First Year Pre-Medical

DANIEL S. SHANAHAN. We realize the task we have incurred by attempting to depict justly the character of "Dan." Concisely we may say "Dan is a prince among men." His fiery spirit in athletics has deposited its indelible mark on the chart of Loyola games. His studies have placed him upon the universally sought path that leads into the golden land of success.



A. WALSH

D. SHANAHAN

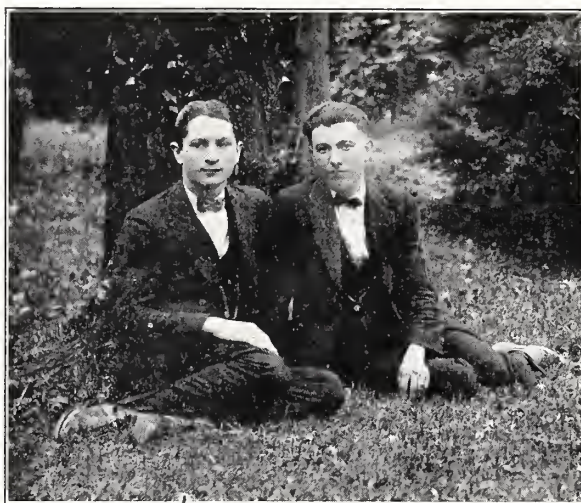
L. WHITEFORD

LINGARD I. WHITEFORD. The fact that this genial lad comes all the way from the thriving metropolis of Fullerton to Evergreen does not have a dampening effect upon his spirit. When "Sticks" is not in the chemistry laboratory, he may be seen at the pool table compelling the ivory balls to do all sorts of weird tricks.

But Lingard's social attainments bid fair to bring him fame also, for in his native town he has recently been elected to the envied office of presidency of a Social Club.

It is Lingard's good humor combined with strength of character that makes him a success in everything he undertakes.

NUNZIO J. MARANTO. It has often occurred to us to ask: "Why Nuntz during that golden hour from twelve to one so serenely promenades the garden? Perhaps it is his unique poetical tendency? Maybe the cause is due to the fact that magnetic nature naturally draws him into her ethereal realms to allow him a few blissful moments with the sweet smelling flowers. Who knows? Some day we will find Nuntz in his own garden during the spare moments he may find from his medical profession.



N. MARANTO

J. ITZOE

JEROME A. ITZOE. From the antique and secluded town of New Freedom, Jerry came into our midst and thus into our hearts. Jerry's smile is his counter-sign. Good nature is the predominant element in his character. He is pursuing the highway that leads to medicine and success for him is looming in the distance. His side-ambition is to include in his intellectual capacity as much knowledge of Chemistry as our professor, but we are a little doubtful if the task can be accomplished.

ANDREW J. WALSH. A student, a gentleman and an athlete is this broad-shouldered and handsome youth. Andy is ever ready to aid a fellow student and like most men of ability, he is silent.

Last fall, Andy starred as half back on the football squad and at present he is a member of the baseball team.

His eager pursuit of knowledge ranks him high in class averages. Philosophy and Spanish are his favorites and the ease with which he elucidates a thesis in Psychology, makes one think of Aristotle. Broadness of mind, energy, good fellowship and determination are some of the qualities that make Andy admired and respected by all who know him.

## Alumni Notes



THE activities of the Alumni Association within the twelve months have been primarily directed upon swelling the total and redeeming pledges of the contributions to the Gymnasium Fund. The energy, enthusiasm and generosity displayed by the Alumni in this cause bears fruit in the announcement that construction of the new building will get under way immediately. This magnificent building—gift of the Alumni Association—will give a new impetus to Loyola's progress, and will be a lasting monument of the vital affection of Loyola graduates towards their Alma Mater.

\* \* \*

Reverend T. Walters McKenna, of the Class of 1902, formerly assistant at St. Elizabeth's of this city, Chaplain in the late War, and missionary in China and the Philippines, died November 30th, 1923, at Manila. From the time of his ordination at the Cathedral in 1908 he served faithfully and well. Early cherishing an ambition for missionary work, his greatest efforts have been in this field. His death, following upon a tropical fever, makes him in very truth, a martyr.

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Thomas A. Whelan, LL. D., '91, whose recent death came as a shock to his many friends, was a well-known alumnus and benefactor of the college.

\* \* \*

F. X. Milholland has for the second successive time been elected to the presidency of the Alumni Association—an honor well merited by zealous work in behalf of alumni activities.

\* \* \*

Joseph J. Quinn, '16, editor of an Oklahoma paper, is author of the novel, "Wolf Moon", recently published and very favorably received by the critics.

\* \* \*

James J. Lindsay, Jr., '17, served in the House of Delegates in the recent session of the legislature.



Rev. John A. Czyz, '19, who will be ordained to the priesthood in the Baltimore Cathedral on June 14, will celebrate Mass for the first time at St. Patrick's Church this city on the following day, Trinity Sunday.

Four more members of the class of '22 have heard the call to higher things. Jennings Clark, after a year in business, has entered St. Mary's Seminary.

\* \* \*

Roger Blankfard and John Coniff, after a year at law and Arthur Coniff, after a year and a half at medicine, have entered the Jesuit novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

\* \* \*

William J. Sweeney, also of the class of '22, has been sent from St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to the North American College in Rome, to finish his studies for the priesthood.

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Congratulations to our distinguished benefactor and alumnus, Mr. George C. Jenkins (LL. D. '23), on the honor conferred on him recently in his elevation to the ranks of the Knights of St. Gregory, by his Holiness, Pius XI.

REV. BERNARD J. McNAMARA, D. D.



EV. Bernard J. McNamara, D. D., a distinguished alumnus of the Class of 1906, died in Mercy Hospital, Baltimore, on Sunday, April 27, 1924, as a result of injuries received in the discharge of his priestly duties the previous month.



The following tribute to his memory is taken from the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, of Saturday, May 3:

Father McNamara's death was the result of injuries received when an automobile in which he was riding was struck by a motor truck on the Frederick Road, March 30. He was on his way at the time of the accident from St. Joseph's Church, Sykesville, of which he was pastor, to Holy Family Church, Harrisonville,

to say Mass. Father McNamara's right leg was broken and he received other injuries.

The young priest was a man of fine physique and great strength, and it was generally felt that he would recuperate rapidly from the accident, but complications developed. Last Saturday a change set in and physicians and nurses realized that death was near.

Father McNamara faced death calmly, though he said that he had entertained hope that God wanted him to get better and be of service as a priest.

He said that he always felt that his health and his physique would assure him many years of activity and that he had never expected to die as a young man. He knew, said Father McNamara in his dying hours, that the Archbishop needed priests badly and that he wanted to do his little share. Then, he added, almost whimsically, that God knew best and that if God wanted him, then God would find someone to take his place.

The young pastor of the Sykesville Church, died as he had lived—courageously, humbly and as a man of deep humility. Persons who did not know Father McNamara intimately never knew his sweet simplicity and humility of soul.

When he felt that vice was to be excoriated, double-dealing exposed and the truth spoken, though the Heavens fell, Father McNamara was a man of utter fearlessness. He might respect the opinions of others, but he would speak his own mind if in his own mind conviction was rooted.

A man of humility, he often said that the thing he wanted to do was to please God.

Those in The Review office who knew him so well can tell of many instances illustrative of his humility, his charity, his devotion to the Church. He spent many hours at *The Review*. He was ready to write whenever he was asked. A man of cheerful personality and rare good humor, he won friends and gripped them.

Few priests of Father McNamara's age, certainly few who were not pastors of large congregations or leaders of great associations, have received such a tribute of love and affection as was paid Father McNamara at St. Patrick's Church this last week.

For eight years Father McNamara served at St. Patrick's faithfully and well. He left that church to join the United States Army as chaplain. He never returned to St. Patrick's again as a priest of the parish, but he visited it often. It is significant that the last sermon he ever preached was in that church. It was on the night of March 26. It was a sermon on God's Mercy. "Be not ready to condemn the erring; help them", was Father McNamara's advice in that sermon, advice that Father McNamara always followed in his own life.

Often he was seen in court rooms asking judges to give another chance to some boy or girl who had gone wrong. He followed up such cases. He was a "Big Brother" in the real sense of the word. He bought meals for men who were locked in the cells of station houses. He repaid men from whom young boys had stolen and thus obtained their freedom. He helped boys in every part of the city and men and women, too. His charity, his helpfulness were not confined by parish lines.

One old woman in East Baltimore sobbed at Father McNamara's bier in St. Patrick's Church the other night. He had paid her rent every month for two years. "Oh, Father, why didn't God take me instead of Father Mac?" she said to Father Garvey. Everybody called Father McNamara "Father Mac."

Father McNamara's sermon, then, on "The Mercy of God" was a fitting one to be his last on earth. He concluded that sermon with a recitation of Father Ryan's poem: "The Cross and the Crown." He told his hearers not to break beneath their crosses, but look aloft for the crown. "That crown may be nearer to us than some of us know", he said.

The week before, Father McNamara had said in the course of a sermon to girls and boys, "If some of you hated automobiles the way I hate them, you never would get in one."

For years Father McNamara always had a dread of being hurt in an automobile accident. He took few rides for pleasure. The one on which he was fatally injured was being made from one church where he had offered the Holy Sacrifice to another church in which he was to offer the same Sacrifice. It was in the line of duty.

His fellow-priests had an intense affection for Father McNamara. About 130 priests were present at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem at St. Patrick's Thursday morning. Archbishop Curley presided at the Mass and gave the last absolution. The Right Rev. Michael J. Keyes, Bishop of Savannah, pontificated.

Bishop Keyes helped out at St. Patrick's on Saturdays and Sundays when he was a priest at the Marist College, Washington. Father McNamara was stationed at St. Patrick's at the time, and between the two there formed a bond of the closest friendship.

A former fellow-student in the North American College in Rome came from Chicago to preach the funeral sermon. He was the Rev. Moses E. Keiley. Some of Father McNamara's former professors of Loyola College were present at the Requiem. Besides the large body of secular priests present, there were representatives of various religious orders.



## Athletic Notes



ON our return to school in the fall of 1923, we found that with Mr. E. Berry, S. J., as athletic director, sports were taking a long stride forward and dreams long entertained by sons of Loyola were being realized. A freshman football team was organized and superbly equipped. This was the first football team representing Loyola College since 1914. Mr. Conolly coached the team and some of the enthusiasm of Mr. Berry was caught by each member of the squad.

### FOOTBALL

The first game was played only a week after the team was organized with Mt. St. Mary's preps. The Green and Gray was overcome 6-0 by a more seasoned team. Friends of Loyola's team were however pleased with the fight and power displayed by the team. Working well together, they next met and defeated Georgetown Preps, 14-3. After a three weeks' layoff, the team journeyed to Annapolis and played the Navy Plebes. Overwhelmed by the Plebes in the first half, 36-0, the Green and Gray stalwarts came back and showed a spirit of fight which brought admiration from every quarter and held the well trained Plebes to the score as it stood at the end of the first half.

The fourth and last game was played against Hopkins Freshmen at Homewood. Loyola out-plunged, out-tackled, and out-generaled the Hopkins squad and won, 20-0.

Among those who qualified for the team were: Coughlin, O'Brennan, Barrett, F. B.; Abromaitis, Walsh, Buettner, Menton, Neuwein, H. B.; Helfrich, Q. B.; Kirby, Shanahan, McNally, Ends; Capt. O'Connor, F. Ireton, McWilliams, Tackles; Zemaitis, Miller, Palewicz, Guards; Leo Ireton, Egan, Centre.

### BASKETBALL

Scarcely had the turf of the gridiron settled for the coming frost, when the roll call for the Basketball candidates resounded throughout the entire school. Among those present were many new faces from new places, each eager to cover a place on the squad.

However, after many weeks of practice, the team was chosen by our ever capable coach, Bill Scheuerholtz, and our brilliant regulars from the year previous were found safely holding their old places. Indeed, the year promised to be most successful.

Facing one of the most difficult schedules, our team played a great round of Basketball throughout the entire season.

With undying spirit and indefatigable efforts the team had a most successful season. Most of the games were close and thrilling. The team also made a northern trip this year, playing in Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Of all the basketball players in the state, especially of the guards, our own Jack Menton stands out pre-eminent. This player's all-around ability is a credit to his school and his coach. The new star to appear this year was Mitchell Twardowicz, who was developed and placed in the line in the middle of the season. He came through fine. His friend, Palewicz, also played well.

However successful the season was, next year's prospects seem brighter from the aspect of players and the New Gym.

#### SUMMARY

Loyola vs. Alumni .....	Dec. 6, '23	Won 73-12
vs. Catholic University.....	Dec. 12, '23	Lost 11-6
vs. Groves City.....	Dec. 21, '23	Won 24-19
vs. Catholic University.....	Jan. 5, '24	Won 18-16
vs. St. Joseph's College.....	Jan. 8, '24	Won 33-15
vs. Temple University.....	Jan. 9, '24	Lost 12-11
vs. St. Francis College.....	Jan. 10, '24	Lost 23-15
vs. Mt. St. Mary's.....	Jan. 12, '24	Lost 15-13
vs. Mexico Y. M. C. A.....	Jan. 14, '24	Won 33-9
vs. Washington College.....	Jan. 19, '24	Lost 31-28
vs. Gallaudet College.....	Jan. 26, '24	Lost 39-35
vs. St. Francis College.....	Jan. 31, '24	Won 30-28
vs. St. Joseph's College.....	Feb. 2, '24	Won 25-16
vs. George Washington College..	Feb. 8, '24	Won 21-17
vs. Y. M. H. A.....	Feb. 12, '24	Lost 23-19
vs. Davis Elkins College.....	Feb. 16, '24	Won 37-25
vs. Washington College.....	Feb. 27, '24	Lost 28-17
vs. Mt. St. Mary's.....	Mar. 1, '24	Lost 25-23
vs. Y. M. H. A.....	Mar. 4, '24	Won 28-21

#### TOTAL SCORING

Loyola:	Field Goals 195	Foul Goals 97	Total Points 487
Opponents:	Field Goals 163	Foul Goals 59	Total Points 385

## BASEBALL

The year of 1924 saw Loyola College again represented on the diamond after an absence of twenty-five years. This sport was a long time coming back to our Alma Mater but with the approval and encouragement of the Athletic Director, Mr. E. Berry, S. J., plans were quickly formed and a schedule arranged. Bunny Miller, of the Class of '24, was elected manager of the nine. Miller was later unanimously chosen captain of the team and the managerial reins fell on Frank Dailey, '25. To Daniel Shanahan is due credit for his help in this movement. Louis Martin, a Blue Ridge League star, was assigned to coach the team. With the material on hand, Martin made wonderful strides. Our season opened with Blue Ridge College at New Windsor, where we lost a hard-fought battle to the tune of 6-3. Hopkins next took a fall out of us by the score of 7-0. As the season progressed, great improvement was noticed throughout the team. The season on the whole was a successful one, even though we lost the majority of our games. Next year, the whole team except Capt. Miller will be back in the field and the chances for a champion nine seem especially good. Loyola has the start, so look out for the Green and Gray in 1925. The players who performed for Loyola College on the diamond were: Capt. Miller, Helfrich, Buettner, Bowersox, Becker, Sheurich, Shanahan, J. Menton, R. Menton, Abromaitis, Gummer, Arnold, Turner, Twardowicz, Conway, Walsh.

## THE MEET FOR HIGH AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

Thanks are due the Alumni who by their substantial support contributed very materially to the success of the track and field meet held on the College Campus May 30. The meet was under the direction of Mr. Edward Berry, S. J., Moderator of the Athletic Association, who was ably assisted by the college coach, Mr. George Horn. Both are to be highly congratulated on the wonderful success achieved. Practically all the High Schools of the city were represented and many of the parochial and grammar schools. There were also representatives present from Washington, D. C., from Montgomery, Laurel, Westminster, Highland and Chesterton High Schools and from Emerson Institute. The honors of the meet were carried off by Central High School, Washington, D. C. A number of the college men who worked earnestly for the meet deserve a word of praise, notably, Messrs. Thaler and Spellissy.

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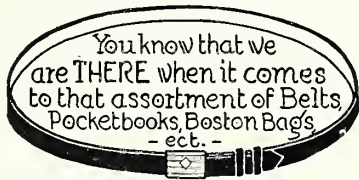
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